

FRINGEWARE REVIEW

the gravity issue:

- scotto & the gravities
- fiction by don webb
- o[rphan] d[rift] interview
- honoria in ciberspazio
- book & music reviews

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Hi. We're starting to feel regular again. With a high-fibre diet, we're blowin' out da issues, almost quarterly, just likes we's sposed to. Pardon our Art Director, he's zooming on Hide-Yer-Gene. Pardon our content. It emerged from these "Gravity" people, whom we met at a youth hostel in Guam. Say it slow, like you mean it: GOO AAAAAAAHMM MONTE PADRA. AAAAAHM MONTE PADRA. GOOO AAAAHM. No explanations necessary. Law where prohibited by void. Prosecutors will be violated. For instructional use only. GOOOO AMMMMMH.

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issue (20) 12: the Gravity issue

special issue editor: Scotto <fwr12@fringeware.com>

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INTRODUCTION

by Scotto (scotto@fringeware.com)

"It seems as if heaven had sent its insane angels into our world as to an asylum, and here they will break out in their native music and utter at intervals the words they have heard in heaven..."

— Ralph Waldo Emerson

I am typing this from an island.

Meanwhile, we refer you to a somewhat unusual, partially fictitious, at times entrancing environment known to the denizens within as Gravity. In early 1992, before the Internet's heyday, before the commercialization of the World Wide Wow and the rise of America Ondisplay and the Microsin Network, before the publication of "Internet for Dummies, Losers, Morons, Jerks, Bastards, Fuckheads, and Money-Sucking Pigs," before *WiReD* plugged its collective tongue into the electric socket of our dreams and got high off the buzz we generated — before all of that, but not before ARPANET or DARPANET or NSFNET or "Wargames," Gravity reared its sudden head in *cyberspazio*, and my little world has never been quite the same.

On February 23, 1992, the following message was posted to several abUsenet newsgroups, notably alt.drugs, alt.slack, alt.cyberpunk, alt.magick, alt.desperation, and alt.alt:



From: The Genuflector
Date: 2/23/92, 23:23:23
Subject: May I request your presence at a masquerade?

We have reason to believe, friends, that we are not being told the truth. The possibility that this civilization as we know it is itself the masquerade has not escaped our notice, and yet we also know this much to be true: The War on Some Drugs rages on in a ridiculous fashion, the War on Human Privacy continues to be an entirely ominous threat, the fascist spread of religious intolerance keeps our most radical spiritual practitioners (and their technologies) in a state of constant fear and near eradication, and the American political system as it stands cannot support itself much longer. These are the tried and true cliches of the day, friends, but make no mistake: the reality is evaporating, disintegrating. Someone is robbing you of your future, piece by piece. Someone has stolen you already. It is time for an escape, and indeed, a retaliation.

Within the past seven days, my organization and I have acquired the property rights to a small tropical island near the Caymans, the Island of the Dance (as we have renamed it). We have begun making plans for the immediate inhabitation of this island, with the intention of declaring nationhood within the first month of our occupation. Building has already begun, and by the end of 1998, we intend to have a population of not less than 50 and no more than 200 relatively like minded individuals living on the Island of the Dance.

This announcement, then, signals the beginning of our application process. Please proceed to the following mailing list, at the following address:

gravity@island.dance.net

There is no majordomo in place; I personally will be approving subscription to this list. You will receive all pertinent information within the next several years. Please pay attention: our instructions will be precise, and will enable you to relinquish the ties you hold to this world.

Sincerely, The Genuflector

No one took this Genuflector seriously, to be sure, but a solid crew of us still turned up on the Gravity mailing list, just to check out the ambience (*illbience*, if you prefer). Gravity attracted (sic) a cross section of yahoos, drug-addled philosophers, Deadheads, programmers, cypherpunks, magickal tecknologists, musicians, and lunatics. Within the first two months, the participants in the flow of daily traffic drove the Genuflector off his own list ("You'll regret this!" he screamed (or, more accurately, "YOU'LL REGRET THIS!" he typed) but we weren't buying his bullshit story about the end of the world any longer); one of our expert hackers cracked his paltry machine, stole the sub list, and moved us all to brand new digs at gravity@triangle.com.

By the end of 1992, we'd begun fleshmeeting regularly, our members crisscrossing America time and time again to experience the thrill of, shall we say, Contact. Summer of 1993 saw an explosive burst of somewhat ethereal intensity as the psychedelic crowd and the magickal crowd began getting together to plot what they referred to as, simply, "The Concrescenc". Rather than passively accepting that Western Civ was facing yet another in a longer series of blind *petit morts*, the Concrescence crowd believed you had to work at it. ("You can't

just lay there!" was their motto.) Some of us wondered if this wasn't what the Genuflector had in mind all along; by mid-1994 it became apparent that a small minority of our most ardent members had vanished from the United States, England, and Australia, and yet were still managing to maintain regular net.contact. From where? "Nowhere in particular," they'd reply.

FWR began in 1994, and at some point during that year, I fleshmet Paco Xander Nathan for the first time. He had heard of Gravity's exploits, and wondered if we might be interested in some kind of Internet synergy with the FringeWare community. The Internet catchphrase that year was "memetic hacking". This was not a hard and fast philosophy, mind you, but a metaphor for all things subversive; you could equate memetic hacking with "brainwashing" if you wanted to, but we didn't feel like doing that just yet. Paco and I attended DragonCon in Atlanta, battling ideas back and forth for the upcoming second issue of his magazine, and our upcoming GravityCon to be held in Iowa City, Iowa. We were concerned with the economy of Attention, and also, we were aware even then that the viscous boundaries which surrounded our individual communities were more and more suspect with each passing moment. The possibility of intrusion from without — i.e., memetic virii, hackers-gone-wrong, the big bad Government with its enormously long arms — loomed large. We knew drastic action would have to be taken someday soon, but at that point, the foundation was barely laid.

GravityCon I ("It's *Not* Just The Drugs"), Feb95, was a blistering event, leading to GravityCon II ("You Will Be Assimilated") in Chicago six months later. Both events featured three days of performance art, technological wizardry, keynote addresses by the mercurial PXN and others, and surreptitious midnight ritual work among various sundry cliques and claques. My own contributions to the proceedings were a rousing production of my play, "Hamlet, Santa Claus, Nietzsche, and Job" at the first con, and its sequel, "Catastrophic Love Puzzles In Outer Space", at the second. Nearly two hundred Gravities and their friends made it to both events, and we were so flushed with success that plans were immediately laid for a third Con, to take place in November in Austin, Texas. Somehow, however, word of GravityCon III managed to escape the familiar confines of the mailing list and its related tentacles. With nearly one thousand registered participants, Gravity realized that its "secret", to a certain extent, was out.

For a few moments, I must admit, we felt ourselves in a bit of a panic. The traffic on the list was absolutely heated. "I do not consort with Normals."

pronounced one of our longtime members, THE INNER GORILLA. "It is hard enough for this GORILLA to deal with other Gravities in the flesh, let alone the teeming masses of those who come to suck our collective psyche dry of any its lifeblood. Imagine Joe and Jill Normal's surprise when they wander into the wrong hospitality suite one night and suddenly find themselves face to face with 23 varieties of astral elementals doing a dance in midair while a pile of drug-addled Gravities is copulating below to the sounds of Perry Como blasting from the speakers. I tell you, IT JUST WON'T WORK!" Others were a little more sanguine about the possibilities. As another regular, Sally Ann Sagacious, wrote: "This is the perfect opportunity to release whatever kind of memetic bombshell we like onto the unsuspecting masses. Rewire their brains, release them back into the population at large, and watch our madness spread from city to city, office building to office building, subway stop to subway stop, until *Time* magazine is forced to do an alarming story about how 'the kids these days, we don't know what they're doing but we know we don't like it!'" Ultimately, it was the Concrescence crowd who sold us on going ahead with the con. As DaveH wrote to the list: "We could use a good dress rehearsal, couldn't we?"

Two weeks before GravityCon III was good to go, myself and several other elder members of the community received a short, angry message from the Genuflector. He had apparently been monitoring our list all along, and was thoroughly displeased at the proceedings. Curiously enough, his self-righteous anger and demands — "you **MUST** call this disaster off before you do our cause any **FURTHER** damage!" — had the opposite effect. I never had accepted the Genuflector as a peer within the Gravity community, and now he seemed more shrill and ridiculous than ever before. We cut the Genuflector out of the loop, and the so-called "elder members" and I came to our own conclusions about the Con. November 23rd arrived and the Con began right on time.

There were some two hundred and fifty Gravities on hand, plus another hundred or so of their friends. The remaining one thousand three hundred and forty-eight people who were in attendance came from God knows where: word of mouth via the Internet, advance warning from the Austin underground press, who could say exactly? Our opening event was a staging of the third play in my "Catastrophe Cycle", a three-act monstrosity called "Danger Pillows" which contained one of our more potent rituals as the climax of act two and a full on simulation of the end of the world as the culmination of act three. As the audience staggered out of the makeshift theatre and down the stairs into the rest of our rented warehouse, they were greeted by nearly a dozen enormous

hanging video screens, featuring video feedback, pirated satellite transmissions, and "found video" of the participants themselves, taken by our hidden cameras scattered throughout the site and the official Con hotels. It practically goes without saying that the punch was spiked. Throughout the first evening, eight different bands played on three separate stages, rave music poured out of hidden amplifiers, and Gravities circulated through the crowd in outrageous costumes, performing a strange mix of ritual magick and deliberate antagonism. At 2:00 in the first morning, the theatre filled again for a performance art piece called, appropriate enough, "Island of the Dance", led by one of Gravity's most enigmatic figures, Anon of Ibid.

Although no one knew her name, or her hometown, or her occupation, or damn near anything else about her, one thing we could all say for certain: that woman could dance, good lord, could that woman dance. The four hundred people who witnessed Anon's performance — accompanied by a dance troupe composed of four Gravities and three of Anon's close personal friends — were, as I can report from first hand experience, singularly stunned by the experience. It was during that performance that we began to see the first signs of memetic stress among the hapless Con participants. Immediately following the dance, Anon called five other Gravities to the stage — all of them members of the newly born Inner Circle — and began one of Gravity's secret rites, recalibrated for maximum effect within the memespace of the Con. I knew enough to excuse myself when that began; I'd never been part of the "magickal" clique within the group, and had no idea to whom or to where they were Connecting — I only knew the energy created was more potent than I could handle, especially as I was sitting on top of four hits of LSD and 60 milligrams of 2CB at the time.

We had Gravities posted at every door, whose self-appointed job it was to convince those who wanted to leave that they actually wanted to stay, and they were having a nearly 100% success rate in doing so. An hour after Anon's ritual began, we watched the audience trickle down the stairs from the theatre with seriously dazed and altered looks on their faces. Their expressions were captured on video and broadcast to the big screens, and that was when the rest of the group began to get the impression that something quite out of the ordinary was taking place. But the greatest special effect was yet to come. The techies within Gravity had conspired to create something truly miraculous, and now, as 4:00 in the morning rolled around, suddenly the entire vast floor of the warehouse became covered with wispy clouds of dry ice. The bands left the stage, and the music that we heard at that point was more ethereal and other





worldly than a dozen Orb albums mixed in a blender and served in a margarita glass with powdered Ecstasy on the rim. An array of brilliant red laser beams penetrated the murky air, and a strange rumbling sound was suddenly heard.

Somehow — *somehow* — the ceiling above us, which theoretically was also acting as the floor of the theatre on the second floor, began to crack right down the middle. Huge pieces of plaster fell to the floor below, terrifying everyone who wasn't absolutely giddy with amazement. And then a huge white light exploded into the room from above, and before we knew it, an enormous metal spacecraft descended into the room, plumes of fire and smoke escaping from all sides. It landed with a loud *thunk* and before anyone could think to argue with it, run from it, or shoot at it, doors opened on all sides, and Gravities in alien spaceman costumes came spinning out of it, dancing to the sounds of Gravity's own house band, the Sheep Fiends. The party that ensued lasted for another two hours.

It would have lasted longer, mind you. But sometime around 6:00 in the morning, THE INNER GORILLA, who was manning the front desk at that time, received an anonymous phone call. The GORILLA calmly and quietly came to me and informed me that the local police were on the way, ostensibly because of "noise" complaints, even though this particular warehouse was situated a discreet distance outside the city limits. Fortunately, a *huge* amount of our pre-planning considered exactly this contingency. Every Gravity in attendance had been issued a beeper as they arrived. We sent the "911" signal out to the pagers, and within a matter of minutes — without exaggeration — there were no longer Gravities on site, just a thousand or so ravers who were suddenly on their own with their new ideas and their new states of consciousness. We had rented the warehouse under assumed aliases, hired the bands by way of unknowing intermediaries, and anonymously donated all the money we earned to non-profit psychedelic research organizations. We lost a lot of equipment, to be sure, but the Gravities who had paid for it in the first place could afford the loss. In short — we called it a total fucking success.

Nevertheless, that event was still a little too close for comfort. The Gravity community closed ranks early in 1996. Its popular GravityWeb site was yanked off the Net, subscriptions were virtually halted except by recommendations from trusted members, and the Inner Circle within the Gravity group made its presence known as a kind of "steering committee". It was in October of this year that the Genuflector and I met in the flesh. He surprised me three days before I was to host a small Gravity fleshmeet at my apartment in Chicago. He was a small man, not much older than

myself, actual name Jerry Something-I-Don't-Remember. He asked me if I was a member of this so-called Inner Circle, and I said, "Member? It was my goddamn idea, Jerry." He alternately complimented and insulted me for the audacity Gravity displayed with Con III, and I alternately told him to stuff it and told him to get bent. He asked what we had planned for the Future, and I said, "Presumably you've heard of Orgasm 2012?" (As in, Terence McKenna's mad-cap notion that the world will end in December of 2012, which he was given by — yes, you remember — aliens in the Amazon by way of some toxic potion or another.) "Well," I continued, "we're impatient. We can't wait that long. We've decided in this case that a Premature Ejaculation is in order."

Jerry was adamant that we were pursuing a course of maximum foolishness, and it was all I could do to convince him that was the point. He said, "You people are toying with technologies you don't understand."

You think you can just sublimely tap into the psychedelic undercurrents, suck down power from the Internet mass mind, and rip off Crowley til he's bleeding in his grave,

but I'll tell you what, Scotto, if you let this Conrescence thing march on to its inevitable conclusion, the United States government will squash you like bugs." This was at a time, mind you, when *The X-Files* was hitting its enormously creepy stride, and since Jerry wouldn't stop chain smoking, I must confess I gave his bad attitude some thought. But the fact was, the United States government wasn't going to stop us. Supposing, for a moment, the government (*read*: the FBI, or more appropriately, the MiB) did know who we were, saw us violating every drug law known to man, saw us violating every sexual taboo we could as fast as we could, saw us stockpiling laptops and cell modems faster than the Branch Davidians stockpiled UZIs, saw us exchanging megabyte after megabyte of nearly unintelligible content via the Gravity list on an almost hourly basis — even if they were able to take a good hard look at the virtual blur of activity which was us, they still wouldn't recognize the threat. Like any good TAZ, we operated in disguise. The nexus in time and space which we inhabited, spread clear across the globe and across several planes of existence as well, was like one of those crazy pictures where you have to stare at it until your eyeballs explode or pop out of your head before you see the little fish swimming in that big black pool of pixelated gibberish.

Jerry got religion that day, yes he did.

It became apparent during 1996 that we needed the Genuflector and his "organization". The mayhem of traveling across the country to stage "experiments" which would "further refine" our "ritual technology" such that "the end of the world" could be "reverse engineered" was taking its toll on us. The Genuflector rejoined the Gravity mailing list under relatively friendly terms, and began leaking information about his organization. Known as the Ascent Foundation, the group represented a global think tank of the most obscure variety. Jerry claimed to have key contacts in a thousand major industries, access to the kinds of resources that our own Conrescence group could only dream about. What they offered us was the Island of the Dance, the very island that Jerry had offered us in the original Gravity post almost four years ago. And now, after all this time and effort, after we'd written him off as a loony and gone our own way, here we were, synchronistically looping right back into the exact memetic attractor which had built this group to begin with. It made sense.

And so, one by one, we began to slowly defect to the Island of the Dance. It's been a very slow process, to be sure. Many of us are still living our lives the way we always were. We have left representatives behind (indeed, this missive to you, by way of *FWR*, signals our willingness to maintain ties, even as we prepare to "hack the proverbial mothership" and get our butts off this goddamn rock); Paco can probably point you in our direction, if you can parse me this far and need to make Contact. 1997 has seen and will see our continued evolution in the direction of planned obsolescence, and by late 1998, the Genuflector's predictions for the Island of the Dance will be correct: nearly 200 people will be living here, in a nearly idyllic environment, working for the end which is nearly here.

Meanwhile, this issue of *FWR* can act as our friendly ambassador. In the midst of planning and dreaming for the future, we still have to live in the present, with all of the pressures that daily life brings anyone. And we wanted to share with a friendly audience some of our thoughts, some of our art, under the assumption that the FringeWare crowd probably shared some of the same ideas, and wouldn't mind the memetic inflow. Thus, we bring you the Gravity Issue, *FWR* (20)12. On behalf of the entire Gravity community, I present these words, and do hope you enjoy them.



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Aliens While Zooming



No Trick

by Daniel A. Foss (U170430UICVM.UIC.EDU)

Syracuse NY. The Sixties:

The orange blobs, my oldest acquaintances, going back to 1968ish, evolved out of a flash of light in the head. This has a background story. Whilst dwelling on the premises of Mr. Samuel Shuffler, loyal patriotic armenian and supporter of Mr. Johnson's War, with my co-deviant The Grim Reaper (like Doctress Neutopia, his legal name. Draft Board: "Why did you change your name to The Grim Reaper?" Reaper: "If I'd'a been a baseball fan, I'd'a changed it to Mickey Mantle." Denouement: Unfit for service). Just at the time I was approaching the magic age of 29, as in *Logan's Run*, uncelebrated July 26, 1969, we said in unison, "Oneovus hasgotta move out or Foss is an official public faggot," the apt. was broken into by one Barbara E. Hert, hardcore Drug Abuser, much else. The impetus was urgent need for place to crash; her meth'd worn off; she took up Permanent Residence, neatly solving the other problem. She was dis...gust...ing to even me; but I had infinite Acceptance, in accordance with the Threefold Law of Gainful Employment and Sex:

1. If it's any good, someone else is doing it.
2. Ya gotta do it with people you can't stand or ya don't get to do it at all.
3. Ya gotta keep proving yer goodatit, or ya gonna git fired by someone who's no good at it.

At this time, I was sexually impotent, for political reasons; this was the '60s Left, and all that shit, remember, where I was politically in favour of "Do It!" and crap of this nature. As for The Enemy, she claimed to have been Sent by the "Jupiterians" from the movie *2001*, by the Jewish boy, Stanley Kubrick, whose intellect was so far greater than hers, what could she know from aliens. I dismissed this crud as psychotic delusions.

"Come with me," I said, "I will show you the orange blobs."

At this time I was Quality Control Officer of Fred Enterprises. Fred died, in 1981, as an allarmenian hero, blocking with his body the intended victim of a New Year's Eve barroom murder. Intended victim lived; murderer lived; Fred didn't. Fred Enterprises, in 1967-1970, operated under Immunity conferred by Fred's father having "done" Guatemala and a coupla

other places for the CIA. The CIA was All Over The Place, especially in a place called Skytop, doing JNSQ ("Je ne sais quoi"); some rumours as to what that was were everywhere, told to anyone. One certain Thingie was that it was Them who bought the pamphlets imported from Hanoi telling Charlie's side of the story in Charlie's idea of English and sold exclusively at the Syracuse Book Center, Achilles Nicholls, proprietor. The CIA's name was bruited about, also, in regard to Hancock AFB, a place so secret the roadmap warned that its location, as depicted, was misleading. The Syracuse NY Metropolitan Development Administration, just before the Invasion, in 1965, boasted that "the Syracuse area's economy is solidly based on defense-related industry." You grasp the total weirdness of the gestalt of this totality?

I showed Barbara the orange blobs just before she gave me Vietnamese Clap. Which took a mere two hits of Fred's Blue Dot ("for sure shot") for her, five for me. Fred had already become the Henry Ford of LSD. Blue Dot sold for \$1, even, less volume discounts, a hit. Which held until Fred invaded upscale niche markets with thermonuclear-powered Yellow Dot, @ \$4 per dose. Fred pioneered in all aspects of the industry. (a) Volume manufacturing: With no need to hide massive purchases of raw materials, vast quantities came in; huge (if visible only if you squinted at one of the smaller batches) amounts sloshed off the line. (b) Large disciplined nimble-fingered industrial labour force: Young female streetpeople, often at starvation's edge or just plain hungry all the time (as obese streetpeople-women were), were fed nutritious, salubrious peanutbutter sandwiches, often with jelly for highperformance personnel, in return for the regulation 12-14 hour shift. Highest-skilled personnel were used for the demanding task of eyedropper-dripping, the precision splopping of blue glop on the Eaton's Corrasable Bond Typing Paper. (c) Saturation promotion. Some favoured consumers, occasionally even me, received Free Samples, as was common in Syracuse NY. Blue goo of other kinds was frequently left on my doorstep during testmarketing campaigns, and I would be asked "What do you think of new ERA?" I'd say, "I wouldn't put anything else in my washing machine," and get told, "This is Political Science, idiot." Anyhow, every

single public phone booth in Syracuse and vicinity (Onondaga County) would be scrawled upon by Marketing Division personnel wielding magic markers, "BLUE DOT FOR SURE SHOT." What was ingenious about this was, Syracuse NY was the home of Electronics Park, wherein, before the invention of Japan, many more General Electric products were manufactured, including flashbulbs, than were now economically sound; this didn't, of course, apply to the cost-immune Heavy Military Electronics Division and its related facilities. Nor to the Chrysler plant making transmissions for battle tanks. We digress.

You will first see the orange blobs as a flash of light in your head. You heard about a "light brighter than a thousand, ten thousand suns?" Forget all that crap. This is Different. Do not think of lights, orange blobs, or anything except getting back home as we attempt to do so, which I warn you will prove unexpectedly difficult." We were ascending Marshall St, where the streetfreaks did their streetfreakery, but that was near the corner of S Crouse. There were four blocks to the Hill: College, University, Comstock, Ostrom. First block, I said, "Why, that wasn't difficult at all." Part of me answered that, "And why might it have been difficult, as you expected, hmm?" So I said, "Don't bother me, gotta concentrate single-mindedly on getting home, else All Is Lost." It sez, "Just tell yourself, for the record, why it's so important to get home. For instance, what is it you intend to do when or shall we say if you get home?" "Why, nothing, of course." I said to myself, who or what Else was I supposed to be having an interior monologue with, not God for sure, the supernatural got no damn place in mystic experiences. This gotta be a Rigid Rule, see, or you get Silly.

You admit, then, that your existing existence, assuming you exist in any meaningful sense, which would be most tendentious on your part should you assert such rot, has no point at all; whence it follows, axiomatically, that you lack any good reason, any bad reason, for that matter, for reaching the top of the hill," we were two and two thirds blocks up the hill, "so you might as well give up now, 'cause I can get really rough."

Barbara The Space Lady and I collapsed in giggling fits. The building fronting the sidewalk we were sprawled across was inhabited by, *inter alia*, Rosalie Wallock, to me "The Lovely Rosalie" and Perfect Ideal Being, whose company I'd prefer a million times over to that of <ugh> The Space Lady. Whom "the Jupiterians" had given a Mission, to "heal me", which damned near sterilized me from Vietnamese Clap. I shoulda got a purple heart.

The light — Barbara claimed to have "seen" it go off in her head the same instant it went off in mine but she was a pathological liar — was blue. Sirius hot blue. Not Blue Dot blue. With mental training, discipline, and sufficient Blue Dot for doing these things, it became possible to retain the light in consciousness. Then, starting from basic white, have it change colour at one's will until it reached it's ultimate state of orange, under which condition it opened up in one's head, when one assumed the spiritual posture (as opposed to the bodily posture which proved irrelevant) of Meditation, like a stained glass window.

That was an Orange Blob. When I got Really Good At It, I could turn it on during TV commercials, even. When I had the Orange Blob working, it "Told Me Stuff". This is as close as I can get to what was communicated between the Orange Blob and myself. Previously, to pickle LSD-imparted fakewisdom in perpetuity, I'd taken to scrawling four-ish word sloganoids with magic marker on oak-tag. What made sense, even minimally, the next morning, I believed; and if or when in the toils of Writing Blocks, I'd build a chapter around one of these Thingies. Which wasn't possible with whatever I got from an Orange Blob. The only thing I can possibly repeat is, "This cannot be repeated."

Anyone calls this "an Experience which cannot be expressed in words" I call "an asshole".

What it was, was an Orange Blob. An Orange Blob is not a Space Alien. I told Barbara the Orange Blobs were Space Aliens to make her forget the "Jupiterians" she bothered me with. I lied. There is nothing whatever Space Alien about an Orange Blob. Now you see it, now you don't.

I swear the foregoing is True.

Someone else please figure out why Earthwomen want to get Abducted by Gray Slugs they suppose wanna Sexually Abuse them, but as we know, don't know what an Earthwoman is, and find the Earthwoman as dis...gust...ing as the latter find the gray slug. Can't solve that one, cuz I have undergone Aversive Conditioning, which induces screaming pain from sex ideation. Recall Room 201 in George Orwell's 1984? They've learned a few tricks since then.



To: Gravity
From: INNER GORILLA <gorilla@neuron.net>
Subject: a monkey's search for wuv (first post — test ping)

Under what arcane, irresponsible circumstances are new members admitted to the inner sanctum of this elevated (sic) community? THE INNER GORILLA seeks asylum from the World As We Know It. THE INNER GORILLA can remain no more in the world of financial transactions and marketing concerns. THE INNER GORILLA must shed its grotesque and terrible skin and escape into your virtual hot tub.

"I WILL find you, I WILL!"

Into the everything, and through the evergreen, and through the everlasting light — I come with a message of "time, love and tenderness — *m. bolton*" to soothe your "achy breaky hearts — *b.r.cyrus*". You have only to PING me with a response and I will know that my words are reaching their onliest destination. "Hello... is there anybody in there... just nod if you can hear me... — *p. floyd*" And also, "I want you... I want you so bad, it's driving me mad, it's driving me mad — *t. beatles*".

As THE INNER GORILLA has said:

"Some day soon THE INNER GORILLA will frolic and dance a tuneful jig within the circle of yer luv. Some day soon THE INNER GORILLA will build its own addition to the fabled Gravity Mythos — THE INNER GORILLA'S BIG OLD FUNKY HOUSE featuring THE INNER GORILLA! Some day soon THE INNER GORILLA's flesh will meet the flesh of those exciting and vigorous voices of Gravity which to this day remain only a rumor, only a mystery just outside the boundaries of THE INNER GORILLA's perception. Yes, some day soon, the doors to Chapel Perilous will swing WIDE OPEN and THE INNER GORILLA will come prancing into your virtual living room, bananas in one hand and a box of Busch Light in the other! Those will be the days of wine and roses, of chocolate and Play-Doh, of Ephedrine and opium, and just when it looks like Winnie the Pooh is about to pop up on the big screen, THE INNER GORILLA will tear that little sissy's GREEDY LITTLE HEAD off and dance on his honey smeared innards!

"That's when you'll know that THE INNER GORILLA has arrived!"

THE INNER GORILLA is no blissed out New Age cuddle monkey, this much is for certain. THE INNER GORILLA comes neither from Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom of Throbbing Technomonkeys nor from America's Funniest Home Head Injuries and Near Fatal Accidents. THE INNER GORILLA comes from that place in space where time sheds its skin and gets to the center of the Tootsie Pop in LESS THAN THREE LICKS. This message is not reaching you in error, nor in absentia, nor in a hundred words or less — instead, this message is crawling silently down your throat and carving THE INNER GORILLA's initials on your spleen. Someday THE INNER GORILLA will join your secret circle on the inside, but for today, THE INNER GORILLA remains alone, with only 58 episodes of "THE MONKEES" to keep it company.

As THE INNER GORILLA has said:

"Til then, THE INNER GORILLA remains respectfully on the fringes of your fantastic underground society. THE INNER GORILLA is left alone in the darkness of corporate malignance and bitter, bitter apathy, as THE INNER INBOX remains virtually empty. 'When next you see THE INNER GORILLA, shield your eyes — or you too will be forced to dance! — this guy I know.'"

If you saw this message, let me know.

Takin' the last train to Gravityland,
THE INNER GORILLA



THE DAY THE MUZAK DIED

by Darren Bauler (dbauler@neuron.net)



"Ana! are you up? get up!"

"Mrbpht. Ah. Huh?"

"get up and turn on your television to channel 90! the most fucked-up thing in the world is on! me and the daves and seth are here and it's agreed that this is the most fucked-up thing in the world!"

Yeah. That's very, that's just great, but I have no TV. My bro's got it so he can watch 'Carnival of Souls' again. So I'm going to sleep."

"NO! get dressed and come over and we'll make popcorn and oh Jesus, this thing is, okay get dressed and i'll tell you what's going on, okay, so it's kinda like y'know that history of rock that was on PBS? well it's like a cross between that and WAX and some kinda crazy digital editing thing, so we start out in 1978 and jerry lee lewis is out in front of graceland fresh off setting another of his wives on fire and he's drinking some kinda thick green likker he says the aliens gave him and shooting out windows and yelling about how he's the real king of rock and roll and then instantly we're back in 1968 and looking at the corpse of paul mccartney and in the back you hear 'turn me on dead man' and there are all these quick flashes to two surgeons doing a lester bangs and eating the half-digested pills in elvis' corpse only there's three bullet wounds in his upper body and we follow

the blood sluicing down the floor drain back to mccartney who we can't tell if he's really dead or if he's gonna hide out in africa like jim morrison but i'm getting ahead of myself—

"Josef? I'm gonna put you on speaker-phone, okay?"

"—but then, oh yeah, that's fine, and so the three remaining beatles go off to consult the dali lami but paul's NOT REALLY DEAD, he opens his eyes and it's very, kinda like the end of salem's lot? and then so quick johnny ace is playing russian roulette and talking about the kings of the past, when they got to be so old they were sacrificed, jump cut to the end of the wicker man, as being symbolic of the health of the kingdom and how confusing it was if the king died before that because (and johnny's gun goes click) the fight for the crown would be filled with imitators (and johnny's gun goes click) but for any king it was better to burn out than to fade away (and johnny's gun goes—"

"Josef, I'm gonna make some coffee first, it'll only take a sec..."

"BOOM and we're back with jerry lee screaming about how it's a trade-off, he'd do it again, and a light comes on at graceland but we're back in '68 where sid barrett is beginning his eclipse and fall from pink floyd but here comes john lennon asking if he'd be innarested in writin' a couple tunes, and so the combination of yoko's uptown art influence and syd's psychedelia-as-regression-to-childhood, the white album becomes a meditation on john's mother's death while meanwhile out in the desert charles manson decides to go back into songwriting, lacking the proper catalysts for mass-murder, and flash back to '67 and dennis wilson (the only beach boy, we learn, who knew how to surf) brings up the idea of covering manson's 'home is where you're happy,' which they do, and back to '78 where manson's deep ecology and child-like lyrical ability bring him in closer circles with a young bruce springsteen, still showing his dylan roots and playing a no-nukes show attended by none other than...oh fuck! oh, they just shot lennon, only it wasn't waht'shisname, there's implications that an alien intelligence watching earth believes its governing bodies to be pop stars and have been interfering in things here in order to debilitate—"

"There's no such word, Josef—"

"yeah well that's irrelevant because here's paul, dressed in a walrus suit, the letters HEY JUDAS

tattooed on his knuckles, fleeing the scene of the shooting and there was a quick flash of kurt cobain laying in an italian hospital with somebody, i can't tell who, whispering in his — IT'S DEAD LENNON! DEAD LENNON IS TALKING TO KURT COBAIN! and now there's a clip of daniel johnston talking about the beatles coming back after the apocalypse but nobody believes him and we're back at graceland, and somebody comes up behind jerry lee and whispers 'i'll make you famous' and jerry turns around and there's robert johnson and there's a hidden implication he sold his soul to the aliens back in the day and they open fire on each other and jump cut to dead elvis getting up off the toilet

and jump cut to brian wilson, barricaded in his room just like his daddy used to do, a fat chunk of hash on the table and a shotgun across his lap, mumbling about how jesus will keep him safe from intruders and trespassers

and there's a knock on the door and jump cut to janis joplin hitting jim morrison, only it doesn't exactly LOOK like morrison, but hitting him with a southern comfort bottle and calling him a fucking clone mutant and jump cut to the final beatles concert, 1971, where syd collapses in a saucerful of sickness and a massive riot ensues and jump cut to cobain singing 'gonna leave this region, they'll take me with them...' and then it gets real quiet, hey ana i think it's over so if you wanna go back to, no, it's a long shot of graceland, the light in the house goes off, and we can hear a voice inside saying 'c'mon sweetie, let momma in the bathroom, i know you're in there,' and the stars move in strange ways, and fade to black. well that certainly was different."

"Well fuck, then, how about you guys just meet me at Eat for some pancakes or something?"

"yeah, i'm down and seth's down and the daves are asleep. we'll see you in ten. and i hope you have some happy news."

And Ana smiled and turned away.



To: Gravity
From: jericho
Subject:

the trick is not to bleed

by jericho (yara@lycaeum.org)

for the most part this is gonna be kind of a half-assed recollection and it certainly doesn't capture the feeling as a whole. i'm still too spooked to really do that and i'm not sure i ever can.

anyway, here's what happened, kids...

it just fucking spiraled. that's been a theme lately, either spiraling down or laterally drifting. sitting here at the desk. moby was on, i was having a pretty cool time, and then i could feel my heart racing. And wouldn't you know that that was the start of the end of it. though i wonder where the beginning was these days.

a lot of what went through my head as i watched some name named mitch (please take no offense to any of this...) spit back my phone number that i had never given him and then see my address pop up on the screen without me adding that either. i thought back to all the weird things happening on irc lately, since i haven't been reading gravity. all the times i came back to my account with strange /msg names in the tabkey, the bouncing back and forth between lsd.gravity.edu and the undernet, the weird messages i'd been getting...and i started thinking someone was watching me. not someone but Someone with a very big capital S. anon started mentioning all the weird vehicle accidents lately. so i bailed. physically. on the



computer... i left it connected. took my wallet and my datebook and my keys... and was aiming for the park. but somehow i wound up in the mission district, a not so very nice neighborhood. every corner i turned i felt like i was being redirected by these people i saw again and again. as though they were trying to narrow down a search for someone. and of course that someone was me. and i kept thinking what had i done? had MindPlay become a crime? was it suddenly Irretrievably Wrong to try to rewire your brain a bit? i had nothing on me, except my ids and stuff when i finally sat down on a curb, crying, and the police rolled around. said i looked kinda out of place in that neighborhood. and i'm thinking well no shit. i have no idea where i am and you're the ones looking for me. you fucking figure it out. take me somewhere, just stop shining those lights in my face. of course they wanted to know where i lived. but that's where the phone was, that's my address... those things that were on the screen before. and since everyone was looking for me and had found me, they were just trying to bust me for something. MindCrime, i guess. so i had no idea what to tell them. all they had was my post office box address, and i would have been overjoyed if they had just taken me there. but i was so incoherent and dehydrated that they sent me to the hospital.

so anyways... at the hospital i wrote down what i was thinking as they kept giving me water to drink and tried to make me eat this awful sandwich with mustard and meat. and here it is...

How?... Huh?... Why?...

so here i am crouched in the corner of the triage room in a hospital somewhere in san francisco.

gravity seems to have mentally and psychically exploded into not just one or two dimensions but all over... to the point where Someone seems out to get not just me but Everyone.

this whole electronic world of gravity and irc and the internet (illusion/deception?) has erupted into this tumultuous side against side against the middle. the emotions are running too high for it to be something passing. Something Weird™ is going on.

And there's a bottom somewhere, i know. but who's gonna be there? who can i trust at this point? who can i call without thinking something huge and ugly and sinister is gonna come down on me?

There is a whole history that no one seems to know. i feel like we're on the verge of something so dark that if we even bring it to the surface... everyone seems to be just straining around the edges to

communicate. the threads seem looser, the web not quite so tight as it used to be. it's that "just being tolerated" feeling Everyone seems mentioning.

i wish i could feel like i could go home [meaning my apt.], but every door to get there seems shut.

and i wonder how much of it was ever real?

i mean, someone i intensely trust is telling me that so & so is just being tolerated and * says he feels that he's just being put up with because he's entertaining. who among us knew what the fuck we were doing when we tried to create something larger than just the individual?

yeah, i'll play the mind games to a point right up there with you, but how did it get me here to this hospital and is it safe to come back?

and well, that's where they said they thought i was rehydrated enough to send me home. but this general paranoid feeling stuck with me. and even though i've talked about it a little, touching that Edge touched something a lot darker than i was prepared to handle.

"The Edge is a nice place to be... The trick is not to bleed." —hunter thompson

i feel physically safe at least now. more or less. i just think it's time to kick back, rethink the strategy a little...

my hopes for a lot of things that had to do with you all were so high, my trust so great, and it's not that you've violated it at all, but i wonder what it is that i'm afraid of. i wonder what it is that made me so paranoid. the vast amount of information that flows freely, electronically between us all? the fact that i had always just placed my trust into these electronic bits moving around the screen, never really knowing if the faces and the souls were as friendly as they seemed? it just turned too ugly, too fast last night for me to pull it back from that Edge. and i can see now that this was unavoidable in some ways. i knew that it wasn't always gonna be happy and fun and coolly but clearly educational. i couldn't get into it though that i was the one in control.

take it easy... time for this trouper to hit the showers

love & a few sparkly rays of sunshine somewhere,
jericho





o(nphan) d(ri ft>)

CLOCK

SYSTEM
CRASH

ZERO
FLATLINE

O[RPHAN]D[RIFT>]

INTERVIEW

by free agent .rez (rez@fringeware.com)

o[rphan] d[rift>] is an artifact; a printed text published by Cabinet Editions. Inside the coverleaf, it is emblazoned, "anti-copyright"; this is only its first step in submitting itself to the flotsam and jetsam of the seething urban culture of these, the last years of the millennium. Inside, prose merges with noise and abstracts itself out again in mutagenic revelry; we decrypt, decompress, do our own Just In Time compiling. Clever monkeys, we adapt: which is just what it wants of us. o[rphan] d[rift>] is also a group, living in London and working in multiple media; the book was originally, in fact, a companion piece to a multimedia performance. Nothing I've seen before comes as close to simulating meltdown as o[rphan] d[rift>], so we take it as fire-drill. o[rphan]d[rift>] (here-after OD) really forced me to question some of my optimism about how all this is to turn out (culture and so-called "cyber" culture), while at the same time reinforcing some of my optimism about the power and possibility of freeform writing to affect that future's unfolding.

Here's how it happened: Rissy Ruddy, fellow Fringeoid helping with the physical-space side of operations here in Austin, had known and been close friends with Ranu Mukherjee and the rest of the OD crew for quite some time. We got in touch with Ranu, asked if the lot of them would be up for a tag-team free-form e-mail "interview". They were, we did, and here 'tis:

fwr: first question, to start us off right: who's in attendance? who are we getting answers from, here. sound off...

od: This is our biography, which was written in 95, after [OD] had already been happening:

O(rphan)d(rift>) started as insistent signal.

*Sometime in 94 it coalesced in circuits plugging into us,
its human facilitators. fluidity. mutation.*

Immersive experience infects your mind.

*06.03.95 it became a dream factory. Monitor, reflect,
the impacting Future. Envisioning.human.recoding.*

>Making contact

*White violet light. White darkness. Fluid neon bright shadows. It'll burn you
away. > Communicate*

O(rphan)d(rift>) spreading. Signal with no memory.

Data bleed Upriver liquefy

O(rphan)d(rift>) Image/text/sound fusion

fwr: is the group assembled here a form of creative collective, a loose affiliation, or what? when you all think of the work of "orphan drift", how do you think of yourselves?

od: We are assembly units which work towards building components towards each manifestation. There is a core of five people who direct the signal manifestations — and tend to, when it is an event in a "real" space — make the machine. There are lots of other people who get involved at different times, or for different projects — often to do with sound production. There [are] also a lot of people circling around, who don't necessarily produce actual parts to the work, but are very influential.

The most useful analogy to our way of working would be cybernetic process — we work out of feedback loops, frictions and meshing up of the units assembled by each of us. We are not talking about imaginary feedback loops etc. but very actual ones. We collectively wander across possibilities until an exact intensity is found. This is even how we are doing this interview. Each manifestation of OD has the same kind of process to it and by having no egos when it comes to a "final" assembly, what is produced is always beyond any of us as individuals. We certainly believe in using ourselves as experiment. Rebellion within detail. ►

FORM[meat]

[[]]Meltdown has a slot for you at a schilzo-phrenic HIV+ transsexual chine6e-latino stim-addicted LA hooker with implanted mirrorshade6 and a bad attitude. Blitzed on a polydrug mix of K-nova, synthetic serotonin, and female orgasm analogs, you have ju6t iced three Turing cops with a hi~hly cinematic 9mm automatic.

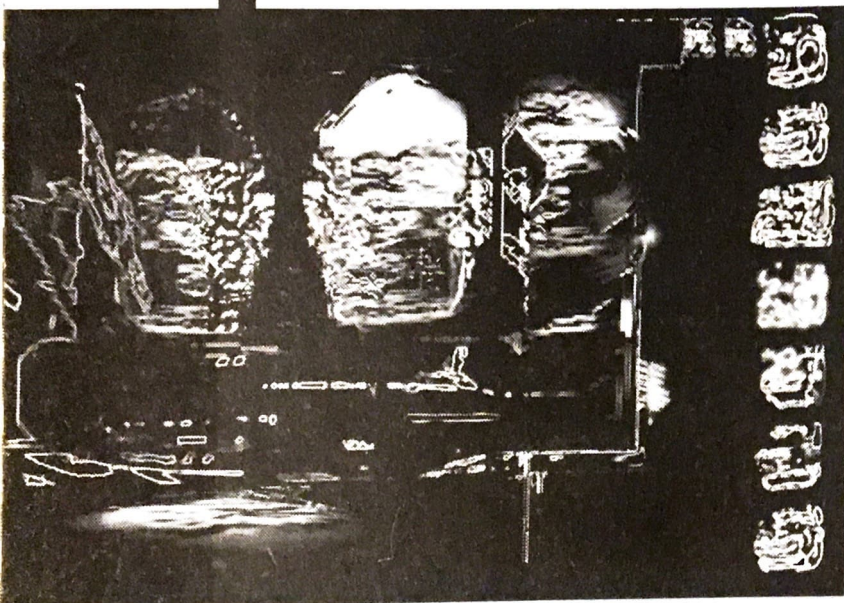
The residue of animal twang in your nerves transmit6 imminent quake catastrophe. Zero is coming in, and you're on the run..."

— o[rphan] d[rift>]

fwr: right on the publisher's imprint page of OD we see the telltale line: "anti-copyright." this could mean a number of things. is this essentially a license to appropriate from OD, as it has appropriated from the "CONTRIBUTORS [unasked]" listed in back?

od: ...yes

fwr: how old is the material? in other words, was most of it generated over a given time-range, and if so what?



od: ...The asked contributors material (The books focus) was generated between 1994 [and] 1995. Most of the sampled stuff went back a couple of years, some of it more than that. The book actually started as a catalogue for an exhibition at the Cabinet Gallery. We didn't want to end up with a catalogue that simply explained the show, so it turned into what it is.

fwr: was it all written with OD in mind, or is some of it drawn in from prior projects? [wanting to get a feel for how long these ideas have been stewing in yr folks' work].

od: OD was a coalescence point. The name is the avatar. We can't necessarily comment on exactly what OD as itself is, but it was a clarity for us and a human strategy. There were three of us in similarly autistic zones, coming from an art school thing with this fuzzy sense that something wasn't quite right. There was too much metaphor, distance and safeness. The 'ideas' you are talking about [below] were just the things that were coming at us, pressuring us. The book came out of OD, and OD was the [process] of actually seeing what's around you — creating a process of production which is responsive to its environment. The pressure, obviously, has been around for a long time. Its always there, we live in the pressure. Music and drugs are by nature physical abstracts so we move towards copying that kind of perception. It took being able to smear out across minds to get things fluid.

OD gave us some maps. The future impacting on the present at differing speeds is a good way of describing what these maps are about.

This direction gives a tool for describing non-linear time. Linear time is only one line in a track, in terms of the book.

fwr: describe the assemblage process for the final text. did the text we see today arise quickly, or over an extended editing period?

od: It downloaded itself very quickly — in about a month, so the editing assembly process was not long at all. The rhythms in it were assembled intuitively out of studied learning from techno.

fwr: what other media does the group work in?

od: ...synesthesia, immersion, touch becoming, speed and detail, voodoo tactics, Mayan code clumping, camouflage, mapping mapping, seduction, magic infection, machine vision. in the wind of unknown chemistries. Video, slides, photos, lighting, smells, diagrams, voice, sound. Used to fuck up recognition. We work in a variety of contexts (in 'real' space terms), each time the manifestation is different — but always tries to be an immersive and layered environment where different registers and media fold into real — becoming mobius strips experientially. We do work in clubs, event based spaces, gallery installations, magazine contributions (image and text), seeding (dispersed distribution of flyers, stickers, etc.), computer game blueprint (not yet produced)...

fwr: there are a few diagrams, illustrations, and pictures in OD. given how much other work in image you all do, why not more images than this?

od: ...the book [...] was initially made as the catalogue to a show that was entirely image and sound

based. It was a parallel thing, and about making a very tactile written thing. More images would have been too easily captured into being illustrations of the text, in that case. The text in the book is already visual and rhythmic. (Not that we have any problems with image text merging in other projects)

fwr: what are your current plans, if any, to release either more material in paperback print format under either the title "o[rphan]d[rift>]" or some other?

od: Text at the moment seems to be working in short bursts and there is much material not assimilated yet. A lot of it is being channeled into voice material for possession events. There is an output for another large chunk of OD material in a book at beginning stages of its production, being made by a group called Switch at Warwick University.

fwr: what are some of your other influences, in any medium? i.e., folks or works not listed in back under "contributors unasked"?

od: ...Our influences change quite a lot as we work off experience, so we prefer to mention newer influences that appeared as part of the signal after the book. difference is a big one, so we all try to bring in new material, for this friction thing we were talking about. Major contributions in the last couple of years include:

- Using the machines (Vid, computer, cameras etc.) not only as controllable tools, but learning from accidents, feedback, distortion, etc. Letting the machines navigate through some of the excess they produce. The OD units' relationship to the machines is core. More on machine vision later...
- horror. imagination. darkness. We trust imagination as a real actor.
- Mayan meshed up with voodoo. The way the Mayan image/symbol/number ideographics work is very important. The source is in the images, though we haven't found any writing around that actually deals with the stuff the way we are seeing it. Linda Schele is pretty good but it exists for us in another place which is where it meshes up with possession and voodoo tactics.
- Artaud
- fleshing things out. flesh
- width, temperature, holes, reaching, passing through spaces in electronic music. That Mayan thing about holograms — that you move out from this contained self in experiential stages. extended emotion.

fwr: how have you, as individuals and as a group, changed since OD's publication or assembly as a text?

od: The book was made at a point of having enormous backlog of material. The viewpoints in it were very schizoid and looping rhythms. We have since become able to silently assemble something. zooming in and zooming out of a thing has become much more active. micro and astral. many registers of the same thing. rebelling ones own detail continues as a process. For this reason your first question [i.e. "who-all is there?"] is unanswerable.

fwr: :) understood.

==

Funxion[teeth]

"Jesus said, 'If you bring forth what is within you, what you bring forth will save you. If you do not bring forth what is within you, what you do not bring forth will destroy you.'"

—Gnostic Gospel of Thomas, 45.29-33; NHL

fwr: now, questions on the Funxion of the text. you should be forewarned that OD wasn't entirely easy for me to digest. stylistically, i could handle it and parse / decrypt it fine, and the ideas themselves i had seen in other places before — but never in as concentrated a form, and certainly never written with such a first-person certainty ...almost as if they were uttered as Invocation. many of the core expressions of OD are, to me, the central notions of post-human cyberpunk dystopia distilled down to a tight, æsthetically hybrid core. this density really caused me to question some fundamental things while working through the text. so, if i take a sort of tactical stance in relation to some of the messages i sense coming through, it's not an attempt to invalidate or attack the group's expression of the ideas, but more a way for me to express my own fears and wariness of those ideas.

if writing is in some sense a magical / magickal act, in which an utterance sent into the world carries the power to alter that world, then what is being intended by the utterances of OD?

od: With these questions we are in the same place as you. The invocation that you picked up on is the voice. The rhythms give the space of invocation. It functions like chemistry. From that place the concept of dystopian doesn't make sense. As we said before we start with what real feels like. change is a process which is more real than usually acknowledged. If there is a sense that the book is dystopian in some way, it is because everything else wants us to believe in

fixity, despite how nonexistent and totally hollow a construct that is. Pain, something is moving, the answer is never to save up for a mortgage. There are points where tools appear, access points. The book is so much about tools. Shamanic knowledge, voodoo, Mayan are for modeling more real and other real, very pragmatic in that way. The tools function by reaching through you, into you. Most people don't seem to read books this way, leaking. Most people also are taught to think of the future as something which comes after the present. The future is more like a coating on everything.

fwr: post-humanism is a concept which, as OD's voice points out, the human mind rejects as repulsive due to the mind's meshing with the meat. the authorial voice of OD sees this post-humanizing technological process as inevitable, and perhaps, desirable — from the perspective of the meme-complex of post-humanism, the viral contagion of this process. BUT: OD also points out that the wise parasite tends to its host. [paraphrase].

now: i'm asking you, as *authors*, and then as *humans*, and then as a neo-tribal unit/group, what your visceral responses are to the post-human contagion? surrender? glee? wrath? powerlessness? resistance? numbness? revulsion? attraction?

od: ...yes. the complexity of responding is brilliant. That's why we have no understanding of the "concept" post humanism. Post humanism is a concept which comes from the idea that the mind and the meat are separate finite entities. In all the signs around us, there is no real separation; its more about the fine tuning of sentient processing to expand the real, coding your want, vibration, matter, mind, memory, dream — its all the same thing with different registers, radically heterogeneous.

fwr: do you think that "cyberpunk fiction" and its aesthetic is "guilty" of creating the post-human contagion as self-fulfilling aesthetic prophecy, or was cyberpunk fiction simply a very sensitive / responsive "symptom" of a process already in motion?

od: ...definitely more like the latter — though the feedback does up the temperature (spates of alien films, etc.). Human codes might be fucked — and from those codes we are always stuck between some idea of dystopia and Utopia — which is where the humor comes in. This condition is where the inevitability exists and controls, conspiracy comes in here. It moves so quickly from really close in yourself to really far out. Capitalism is of course fucked in that it is about using everything up — but we all still want it

in some way or can't physically separate from it and survive... That is where addiction is, mirrors.

fwr: if "already in motion", and you had to plant a flag at the time or event or period where the post-human contagion event-horizon was passed, when would that be?

od: ...chameleon in a box of mirrors

fwr: finally... i can safely say that, for this reader, i will from here on separate my reading of modern science fiction into two categories: "pre-OD" and "post-OD". it plants that undeniable of a flag in my maps of fiction and the possible. on this level, you've succeeded completely in conveying this thing.

now i ask: do you see the message encapsulated and disseminated and schizoanalyzed through the voice of OD — post-human contagion and its explanation / exorcism / invocation — as one which can bring any strength to one facing the process unfolding, or do you simply see it as a bitter fucking pill that must be swallowed...?

od: ...you want to swallow the pill. we are all the process unfolding. we just need more good channelers.

==

o[rphan d[rift>] was published in 1995 by o[rphan d[rift>] / Cabinet Editions; 429 Colharbour Lane; London SW9 8LL. ISBN 0-952-58240-6. Please see our catalogue in the back for more info.

As a companion to this interview and to the hardcopy book, the o[rphan d[rift>] crew has sent us a previously unpublished work — "codes" — which we're publishing in our online TAZmedia section: <http://www.fringeware.com/tazmedia/od/>



To: Gravity

From: Cathead <armantroutmt@infoedgeinc.com>

Subject: future mailing list

Hi, I'd like to invite you all to the gravity-future list, a mailing list consisting of the future posts of Gravity. When you subscribe, after your address, tell it how much time into the future you'd like to read; i.e.

SUBSCRIBE mark@sunshine.zoom.edu gravity-future 14-months

Make SURE to read the info that gets sent to you, to avoid any loops or fluxes or any of those temporal problems that the Net just can't deal with yet.

Cathead

Scrytch

"1110101000011110010101010the story goes like this: Earth is captured by technocapital singularity asrenalsance rationalization and oear,lc navigation take-off. ... As markets learn to manufactureintellisence, politics modernizes, upgrades paranola, and tries to get a grip. ... The body count climbs thlough a series of \$10bewars. ... By the time soft-engineering slithers out of its box and into yours, humansecurity is lurching into crisis. Cloning, lateral \$enodata transfer, transverbalrepllcation, ~nd cyberotles flood ln amongst a relapse onto bacterial sex. Neochina arrlves from the future. hypersynthetic drugs click into digital voodoo.

[t]] Beyond the judgement of God. Meltdown: planetary China-syndrome, dissolutionof the biosphere into the technosphere, terminal speculative bubble crisis,ultravlrus, and revolution stripped of all christian-socialist e6chatolo~y u[downuto its burn-core of crashed security]. It is poised to eat your TV, Infect yourbank account, and hack xenodata from your mitochondria." — o[rphan] d[rift>

shit. guess we'd best be learning how to code.

scrytch, then, can be considered "What creation would be like if all results were covered under the GNU General Public License." it is, after all, software for our wetware; the leap isn't so great.

scrytch — the idea is simple: appropriate as appropriate. insert the signifier "scrytch" into a chunk of prose [or a graphic or a sample], and watch it live well beyond your years. any scrytchlet can be drawn from, added to, re-drafted, altered in any form and combination, so long as it remains attributed scrytch forevermore. indeed, how can it not? locate a piece of scrytch which has been ill-attributed to a solitary author, and experience the freedom to re-appropriate the entirety of that author's would-be missive into the larger body of scrytch!

scrytch is a way to keep ourselves from spending another slim dime on what has been called Entertainment, so that we can pool those resources towards the acquisition of the *tools* to create, the engines of innovation.

scrytch is also a strategy for making certain that no word is ever final; that we have as many chances as possible to create a future we *want* to inhabit, rather than a living prison, through our ability to change "The Last Word on CyberCulture" to something that gives us a fighting fucking chance.

from the start, cyberpunk was a style without a content. however, conTEXT can readily fill in for content, and indeed, with a context like the late 20th century, the idea of content *itself* began to seem quaint at best. however, certain risks attend the writing of "a future so close it connects"; mainly, the line between prediction and self-fulfilling prophecy becomes lazor-thin. call it *projection*, if you will. whatever its name, it has resulted in a blind march into the maws of "Beyond Blade Runner". i will not live in that world. nor, unless i miss my guess, will the information architects with whom i intend to spend my energies, creating of this dross a tight and tidy bubble of self-organizing seed-culture which can pass *underneath* and through the very other side of this event and all of its horizons.

the key: only a freely-flowing and adaptive mythos or legacy can provide the ideodiversity necessary for survival of the human species millennia hence. my own personal aesthetic criteria has changed, of late: if it's not something which is compelling enough to burn its content into my synapses, yet simple enough at root to survive the re-translation and compression of a human race compacted from, say, 10 billion to 10,000... then it's not worth my energy.

that's right: if i can carry it on my person easily and lightly, in any form, then it's a candidate for my spiritual or artistic work. if not, then i'll have to let it go... sooner or later.

the fruit of this stew, then, is scrytch. to join the project, donate scrytch [in any medium or format] to the scrytch archive, or download some light reading, see the scrytch page at:

<http://blah.blah.blah>

and most important: APPROPRIATE AS APPROPRIATE

THE IDEA IS SIMPLE

by free agent .rez (rez@ringware.com)



COME HITHER CHORUS (excerpt from *HONORIA IN CIBERSPAZIO*)

lyrics by Kate Pierro <kpierro@cgn.net>

The
scene is a
fleshmeet
on a quiet
riverbank. A
crowd of
human
Internet ac-
quaintances
meet for the
first time.
The HU-
MANS sing
to .REZ
who is on a
precipice
overlooking
a burning
fire pit.

ALL HUMANS

Come hither, come hither, we know you desire
to dance with us wildly by this fire.
We know you, we know you, each line we have traced
of the memetic mask of your virtual face.
Now cast off that mask so that we may see
the form that lies hidden shown nakedly.

See below where the flames twist hotly
each little attractor arrayed in its motley,
leaping and turning in frenzied delight
as rains of bright embers shower the night.
They call you to gambol and frolic and play
until time spreads wide the cloak of the day.

Come hither, come hither, we know you desire
to dance with us wildly by this fire.
We know you, we know you, each line we have traced
of the memetic mask of your virtual face.
Now cast off that mask so that we may see
the form that lies hidden shown nakedly.

A star shines forth without hesitation
so shed your fears and quaint inhibitions.
Dance until your life's expiration
has fueled the alembic of inspiration.
The will to transform is irreversible,
so cast yourself into life's fiery crucible.

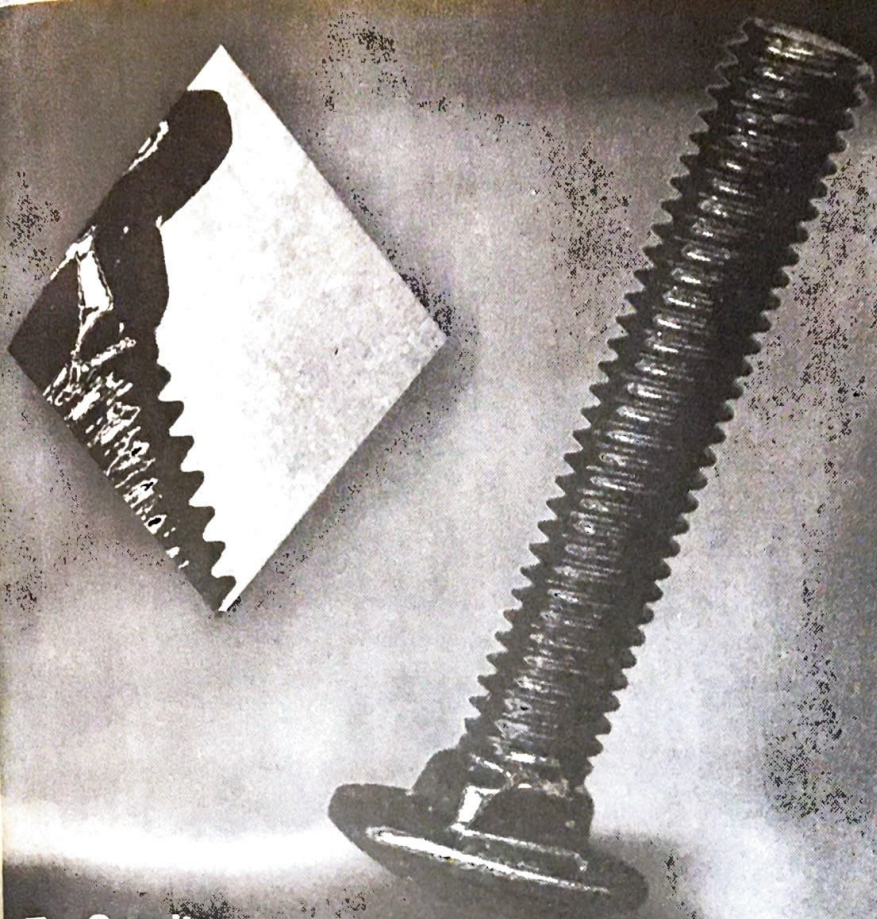
Without a pause .rez hurled himself o'er the brink,
so eager for the fire he could not think
was this his will or theirs or who's
or even if he should keep on his shoes.
Off came his shirt of silk, his trousers blue,
he cast off socks, his briefs he cast off too.
So eager was he to reveal his core
he sought to find what could he take off more.

He peeled off skin and tore the flesh from bone
until he stood a stark white skeleton.
And even that he shed to reach his bliss
and trembled at the kiss of nothingness.

"honoria in ciberspazio" is a
cyberspace opera. The opera's libretto
has been collected from Internet
collaborators; original music is by
composer George Oldziej. "honoria
in ciberspazio" is the first opera ever
to be webcast live on the Internet
(December 9, 1995), and is currently
seeking sponsorship to obtain a
summer residency at the prestigious
Watermill Center with Robert Wilson
as a participating artist. The opera
website is located at
<http://www.cyberopera.org/>

– Aunti Honoria





To: Gravity

From: Nozzle <nozzle@neuron.net>

Subject: Parts Is parts

"Do you know," he said, looking sideways at me, holding the hairdryer perilously close to singe-ing range, "I think she's starting to defrost." It was about fucking time. Soon, soon the age of the glorious drag queen would return. We were out on the flat post-industrial wasteland surrounding the city, where underground, buried in concentric circles in big shiny steel tampons were the luckless customers of The Big Chill™, a defunct cryogenics lab. Luckily, some rich man (woman or manwoman) had had the foresight to have his favorite performers killed and flash frozen, like so many cod. Mistress Formika, AnarKiKi, Eva Destruction, Lady Bunny: their names bespoke a happier, more innocent and carefree time for humanity. A playful and elegant sexuality, not these dumb tubes and government vouchers, or the migrating sores and perpetual haze of disinfectants we have now. How did my brother and I come to idealize and worship these strange, primeval goddesses? Well should you ask; although I have no personal proof, I believe that the Genuflector is behind it, although for what sick and profane apocalyptic rite, I cannot imagine... I don't care any longer, I'm giving him the ones he asked for, and keeping one or two for myself, for my own pleasure. The long thin arms and legs, the pounds of makeup and glitter, my strange and bejeweled valentine!



FRINGE WARE REVIEW

12.27





The End Of The World

or **RD Presents...**

by Don Webb <dwebb@fringeware.com>

To find Louis Fegelmeyer at the center of the world — at the Omphalos — is somewhat surprising. The center of the world moves constantly — that's why the world moves constantly. If you had the perspective of a god, you would see it as a beam of light. Occasionally someone intersects the beam and their actions set off the ripples called history. Some adepts of this or that mystical school may recognize the light when it strikes them. They spend their whole lives waiting for the beam, and if they're lucky (they call it karma) the beam, the Axis Mundi, passes through them. They know they have to act quickly for the beam may only touch them for a few seconds. At the best it may hang around for a week or so. James Watt was near the beam when he invented the steam engine. Steam engine. Steam engine. Steam engine. And the world was transformed from an agrarian society to an industrial one in one hundred and fifty years. Nice going James. Hero of Alexandria also invented the steam engine, but the beam was somewhere in India at the time. Hero's engine was a toy that amused the public two, three days tops. ►

mystical training, stood five feet four inches tall; had brown hair, light brown (almost yellow) eyes; wore a brown corduroy ("wears like iron") coat, and on occasions when he felt exceptionally daring, sported a red tie. He managed the accounts at Dependable Appliances with the aid of his trusty IBM clone.

There had been hints that the world beam was approaching Dependable Appliances. On Monday Louis' hair had stood up while shaving — during this electric frisson he had cut himself with his razor. He'd stopped at the pharmacy to buy bandages, but all the bandages were gone. "There's been a rush on them," said the clerk, whose own chin was bandaged. Louis got to work fifteen minutes late, but that was okay because the boss Ralph Schmenge was late too. So were the customers. On Tuesday Louis lost his contacts and his wife Sarah-Anne had to drive him to work before going to her own job managing the Daisy Smiles Laundromat. The House of Representatives passed HR0135, a bill of some 2,374 pages ostensibly a Highways Beautification Act, but containing a clause on page 1066 giving unlimited power to Jason Sykes, a Congressional page who had slipped the clause in as a joke. Such revolutions and near coups are often snuck into bills and promptly ferreted out by devoted staffs who read every page, every sentence, every word of the damned things. But a case of collective eye fatigue had hit a thousand staffers, the most dedicated of whom read only to page 825. That evening Jason visited Potomac Pawn and spent his life savings on a 14-carat gold crown which had formerly belonged to Emperor Norton. On Wednesday Louis found his contacts in his medicine chest. The Senate examined HR0135 and after a short deliberation sent their Master of Arms S. T. Nakt to kill Jason Sykes for High Treason. These things never make the papers. On Thursday the beam was only meters from Louis' desk. Ms. Vye Bailey, salesperson and health food faddist, brought carob brownies for everyone. Louis picked up one — thinking it chocolate — swallowed and began choking. Twenty-three auto fatalities occurred within seconds. "I don't know what happened, officer. This guy was driving normally and then

that pylon and that's all she wrote."

On Friday Louis enjoyed a pleasant breakfast of reconstituted orange juice, poached eggs, and whole wheat toast. His lawn gleamed with dew and his neighborhood with smiles. Louis felt that the whole world was fresh and happy (which, of course, it was). He whistled on his way to work and that high-spirited dissonance echoed in the disappearing forests of Amazonia and the cold deserts of Mongolia...

Pleasantville.

He booted his system and a hitherto unseen message appeared on the screen. Drive C **FULL** Now Louis had vaguely supposed that files *went* somewhere — a misty foggy land beyond the screen the same neutral gray of the background — but he never felt it was something that could fill up. He started pulling up file after file to see if there was anything he could delete, but each account held some fascination for him. All those marvelous details. Mrs. Knockworster, who had left a basket full of kittens and a check for the balance of her account at their doorstep (thereby hoping to discharge two obligations at once). Mr. T. O. Mann, who had paid for his refrigerator with Spanish gold of an ancient date. Miss Belinda Johnson, who had come to the store after hours and persuaded him to accept sex in lieu of a monthly. Was she enjoying her five-function microwave as much as he the memory of her orange lipstick staining his body? All of this data, he felt like a god — everything had grown from his first entry — from one word.

Louis didn't know it, but this oceanic feeling came from the world beam, which had just struck him.

Desperate, he pulled the manual out from under the telephone, shook off the dust, and consulted. He found a nice little utility called *Compress*. Louis smiled. He seldom found solutions to life's problems this easily. He ran the utility feeding it file after file. The utility looked for similarities and reduced them to singularities. Huge files could be squeezed to near nothing.

And the ripples...

The Pentagon, one of the nation's most redundant structures, suddenly collapsed into a one-room pentahoidal shack with a bored PFC pushing one of three buttons, Buy, Lie, Kill. Every red Corvette merged into a single red Corvette. Most of the drivers merged too, but some found themselves standing on the freeway watching other cars vanish like popping soap bubbles. Louis' track house neighborhood contracted into three model homes, each representing one of the available models, and these too collapsed into one. Sarah-Anne watched all her washers become one washer, but that seemed OK — she only had one customer anyway. When her laundromat began to move through space to be stored with all the other laundromats, she was only slightly dizzy.

Louis worked all day — unaware that the entire front of the shop had vanished. He had reduced the data to half size and if he really worked it he could halve it again. Equestrian statues galloped into one another, newspapers rustled into a single sheet, sitcoms resolved into a single *I Love Lucy* episode. Soup became condensed soup became one can, which included many of Andy Warhol's paintings.

When quitting time came, Louis stepped out of the beam. Everything looked fuzzy. Maybe he'd lost his contacts. He drove his generic featureless car, which seemed filled with millions of tiny invisible features, which made his hair itch. His house had become a child's painting. Door in the center, window on each side, smoke out of the chimney. Maybe Sarah-Anne had redone the place. He'd never been very good at noticing things away from work. He went in, kissed the blurry shape that was his wife and millions of other wives, sat down to a generic dinner, watched *I Love Lucy* four times, and went to bed where he dreamed the fate of the world. The compaction continued. Stone into stone, life into life, water into water until stone, water, and life had disappeared. Earth and all its glory sank to a single green phosphor on God's TV screen. Then that too vanished. And in the long run, in the very long run, it didn't matter at all.



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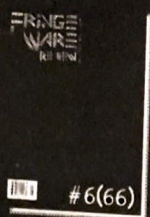


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To: Gravity
From: Vinay (vinay@neuron.net)
Subject: Adventures on the other side of the tracks

Well... here I am, back in civilisation, and loving it.

What a long strange trip it's been.

When I left NY at the beginning of the month to go to the National Hobos Convention in Britt, Iowa, I really didn't realise what I was getting myself into... if I had, I'd have left more of my gear in NY, and brought more ready cash :-)

The first leg was easy, exhilarating, neat: B. Adler and I met in town, took a bus to New Jersey and snuck in the back of a freight yard, through some trees, just as a train was pulling in to a stop. We found an open box car, got in, and a couple of hours later off we went... it's an *amazing* way to travel — two twenty-foot square windows, thirty to fifty miles an hour, noisy and dirty and intensely *real* — it's a great thing. That first ride really got me hooked on freight train riding, and it's something I expect that I'll do occasionally from now on. It's *that* much of a rush for me, and that nice an experience.

Got to Albany — it's only about 150 miles outside NY; we've got three days to kill until Flatcar Frank, our ride to Britt, shows up. I've always been a middle class white boy at heart (even though I did a chunk of my growing up on the british equivalent of welfare); living rough with minimal dough with an experienced homeless person was a real education. I learned lessons that perhaps I'd rather have skipped. Mostly the attitude, the sense of restlessness and mistrust which were a big part of B's world. Little bits of magic too — like B saying he was in the mood for pizza, getting off the bus we were on at "random" and hitting a couple of excellent pizza joints just as they were clearing up for the night... synchronistic dinners taste mighty good.

Just before we were due to meet frank, the darker side of road life made itself manifest — we were accosted by a schizophrenic in the park — all he did was lecture us on chess and military history, but it was unnerving.

Frank comes; he's driving a minivan of electronics and food to Britt — he's a radio geek by trade, not a train rider, but he's still part of the whole scene. Three days pass in roadtrip mode.

Britt.

We get there a few days before things really hot up — it's very much like a gravity fleshmeet in emotional tone — amazing parallels; geographically scattered special interest group, deep bonds formed by shared formative experiences... strong energy. But the people — frankly, scary folks, people who live over the edge. Vets, white trash, totally subcultural punks, a few "old timers" who've never settled back down, some "yuppie hobos" — all united by a love of the road, of the train whistle, the call of the wild.

I now perk up, alive, every time I hear a freight whistle. In my blood.

The 96 year old hobo convention is in a time of change — for the first time in years, there's a sizable contingent of hardcore young riders, people in their teens and twenties who live on the rails, punky and unphotogenic and political. Often hardbitten. Quite a few have college degrees and chose this lifestyle with options. Smack stories abound. I meet people who are HIV+ which is a first for me (to my knowledge, that is). There's a lot of despair and violence in the air. The "FTRA" are there — a rail gang prone to violence. They're drunk and unpredictable and *hard* — sitting by one of their campfires, I know that in another time these would be Attila the Hun's men, the same barbaric vibe in the air, the edge of violence close.

I do a few tarot readings; the usual mix ;).

Drumming is a Big Thing this year — the young riders ("derail camp" — from a sign near our jungle) do a tribal drumming thing for a crowd expecting little old fellows with harmonicas and banjos. To our mutual surprise, they love it!

The power of drumming is more apparent to me here than ever; Grump Lump, a second generation hobo and perhaps a hougan drums with an fervor I've never seen but instinctively try to rise to match... I do OK :) — but it's strong magic. There's a feeling of potential, of an event trying to pull it's way into existence — dancing, dancing never quite happens, but the energy is so damn ripe — one evening we miss it by... perhaps a single person's energy, just short of the sparking potential, just short of the critical phase transition into ritual space. I really thought it was going to happen, but it didn't. Sad. But perhaps another time...

I want to say more about the people. More about physical risk and danger and real animal-level circuit one existence. It makes people *alive*. Many of the forty or so riders present were connected to life in a way I've only very seldom seen — no holding back, no holds barred, no polite shells. Years of making life or death calls about jumping on or off a moving freight train, risking getting jumped by untrustworthy riders or locals, constant hassles with railroad cops... seem to mobilise energy which is usually fast asleep. *Edge* was a very real thing. And a sense of resilience — literally "well, if you're alive you can bum some money, get a blanket and get back on the road".

I can't convey how much being around this thing changed me, made me feel very complacent and sleepy. It also showed me something of how precious the secure enclaves we've created are, how valuable a safe place to sleep really is.

And then it was over, and people started going home.

Seventeen of us tried to catch the same moving freight out of Mason City. Fifteen got on the train. The group split twice more, and chaotic train luck meant we spent four days trying to get to Minneapolis. Took us four trains, two or three run ins with the cops (who were very nice actually), one almost-getting-left-behind (I *hate* getting on a train "on the fly"), one encounter with the Mayor of a town who went shopping for us... it was a really superb experience. Slow, but exhilarating and very community

bonding. **It wasn't travel, it was urban safari.**

And then we got into Minneapolis. We did soup kitchens, hung out in the Hard Times, went to Cedar Fest, and three of us eventually got a drive away car and came west. The rest of the crew split again, some to go to the beet harvest in Minnesota, others for an anarchist conference in Chicago. Four days of driving and a greyhound hop, and here I am in Seattle, back in civilisation once more, safe in the tribe.

It's scary out there.

But it's passionate. I'd never put my life on the line by choice before — never rock climbed, parachuted, any of that stuff. Always cautious, always playing it safe. Always afraid of the edge. Now I've been there, seen it, and I want more of it, want the immediacy and the fullness of living life in ways which put me in situations where my decisions and my bodyskills affect not just my superficial comfort but my continuity. I feel like I've been reminded that actually, life and death are as close as the local freight yard, the local mountain, the local street corner. That the civilised veneer has only distanced us from the days when we needed *everything* we had to survive, when the power to live wasn't granted at birth but won by experience. "don't sweat about the small stuff" they say — followed by "it's all small stuff" — but that's not true.

<rant mode off>

Yeah... it was an adventure. More to follow :-)

love,
vinay



Chaos logo 2

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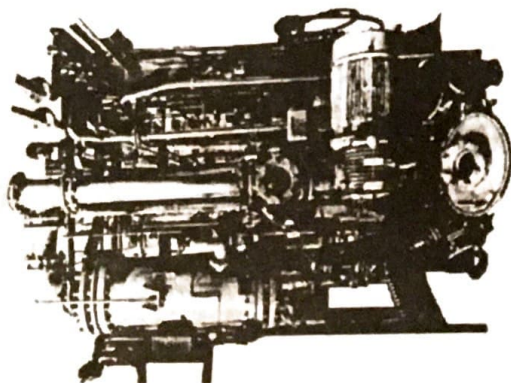
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CROTCH MONKEY

by Kyra Edeker (narrator@fringeware.com)



Tip, her date, had left and she sat naked on the toilet lid with a comb, looking down at her light curling hair. Grooming it, she had found, gave her a small thrill, so she got in the habit of combing and trimming her bush when things got her down. The monkey often got her down, but that night she thought positively, she knew that it was her burden to live with, the test of her life, as other people's monkeys were their tests and burdens. The monkey had been particularly vicious, taking a dime sized chunk out of Tip's forefinger. She had offered Bactine and Band-Aids to him as he ran around her small room putting on his stray clothes and finally his shoes and coat but he refused them. He called her crazy, but she thought it was probably the pain talking. Tip bled. That couldn't have felt good. She did, however, give him fair warning as he moved his hand down her belly.

Clipping a stray long hair on the inside of her thigh, she thought of the half-hope that the monkey would be on good behavior and let her have a little fun. The odds were against her and Tip. The monkey was against her and Tip. In truth, the monkey was simply against the slippery friction of friendly penetration. It was possible it poked the monkey. It was possible that when a penis

was present in her crotch that all the light was blacked out (although she did tend to keep her legs together) and the monkey grew frightened. It was possible the monkey was allergic to spermicide. Many things were possible, but ever since she realized she housed a monkey in her crotch, copulation was not one of them.

There were times when she thought it was all in her head. She had the sensation of going crazy because people called her crazy. In her jiggling inner kernel she knew once long ago she had felt like she needed teeth on the inside of her to ward off, keep out, defend, and lightly nibble when needed. The big bang of life was kept there, she knew, beyond vaginal lips, slowly moving blood, beyond any manmade sperm-killing chemical. The big bang... not to be discovered by radio waves. Not to be discovered but by one who would eventually coax the monkey into allowing passage through the tunnel of light it kept.

She found out the monkey had moved in when she was nineteen, after she'd managed to have sex a few times and gotten the hang of the vaguely promising affair. At first it was a temporary set-back. Something to be dealt with and overcome. Perhaps she could force it out with flea repellent or loud noises or by acquiring a yeast infection. None of these tactics worked and when she tried to implant the anti-yeast suppositories, the monkey nudged them back out. The burning of her sexual bridge came the same day the monkey had popped out her tampon during her philosophy class. Lying in bed with a young man from that same class after a half hour of awkward foreplay, the monkey began to chatter. This hadn't happened before. It never spoke, whispered, squeaked or squawked. The shy kid gingerly asked what that noise was and in answer she whapped her naked crotch hard hoping to make the monkey behave. The whap made a smacking noise. It might have been the noise that unnerved him but he immediately lost his erection and rolled off her twin size bed.

"You've, ah, got something down there," he said.

"It's nothing that will bother you," she replied, hoping the night was not lost.

"Um, ah, oh, pants, I can't— there is something... I gotta, I'll um see you in class, 'k?" he said. Not stopping to tie his shoes, he left her room.

She laid there naked except for the sock on her right foot that the boy had ignored in the post-adolescent steam of the moment, and began to cry. No one else ever talked about having a crotch monkey. Was it one of those taboos like talking about how chunky

your menstrual blood was on some days? There had to be others with crotch monkeys. She thought about consulting a doctor, but what could she do? Pull it out with forceps? It would only follow her home and crawl back in when she was asleep; it had already proved to be an expert lock-pick.

The inner teeth tore into the dick and bit through. Blood gushed in heartpushed spurts, almost familiarly. Blood in a place that was familiar with blood. Familiar. The teeth closed upon themselves as he screamed, and as he screamed, they chewed, thoughtfully, she felt, through the tissue and the quickly emptying vessels. He had fallen during this chewing, he was on the ground writhing, a prick there in the alley, in the bushes, in the frat house, on the floor of the father's bedroom, on the altar of the temple, all of the places he should have never been — there in front of the woman. The teeth spit the dick out. The dick was uninvited and unwanted.

Deciding to face her crotch, she got up and got her small mirror and a flashlight. When it first settled, she had glimpsed it while wiping herself on the toilet and let out a small scream. She had been avoiding looking weeks, but in the light of the possibility of never having sex again, she leaned against the wall by her bed and looked at the reflection of her vagina.

There it was. Quite small, it had dark brown fur and deep liquid eyes that peered out at the bright light. It met her eyes in the mirror. It had small hands, or paws, with small, rounded nails. Her mouth fell open slightly at it looking at her so intently and it opened its mouth in mimicry. She showed her teeth and it showed its own. They were sharp. It was amazing how it was curled up within her inner lips knees to chest, tiny head turning around for a better view of its host. It seemed cozy, probably very warm, and looked clean. Probably not much to do all day but groom itself, she thought to herself.

Seeing it so perfect there and at home, she dropped the mirror and began to cry again. Her burgeoning sex life was on its death bed.

The dream and knowledge began to come to her, waking and half remembering, believing in lost temples in Ankor Wat and what the thousand flying angels there really did, where they flew, who they protected. Angels with hands bent back, whispering "chocolate", "women", "habefiero". Her mind was in Cambodia-Kampuchea, in India, in Nepal where it is quieter. She didn't know these things in the front of her head, only in the iridescent lining of her retina could she see fading reflections.

Several years later, the monkey was still there. Never interfering with her basic functions, it still kept her from the enjoyment of a pure fuck, and she had yet to find the man to meet the challenge of cunnilingus with a monkey watching, and perhaps participating. She had yet to find the man up to a crotch challenge at all. She had a trusty vibrator that she kept by her bed for clitoral satisfaction and the monkey seemed to enjoy it, so much that if she skipped more than a few nights it would keep her awake when she laid down to sleep. Perfunctory masturbation then lulled it.

Men passed by her not second glancing. With a monkey within they were out of reach and not worth the bother. Women passed by her and slowly the men faded away, deep voices in the world. She felt a huge black-hole resting between her legs, nullifying any codes or rules learned. Women she became aware of; they sat back, knew the gig was up, watched her pass with curiosity. Saw her own curiosity rise in question, answer the question, find the question first. Women smelling her, she feeling the drug take effect, some touching her sleeve in passing. She recognized the pull too late, would jerk in fear or surprise.

She wondered what she had done to invite it in. Was it the wrath of god that visited the monkey upon her? No, if god existed, it certainly didn't have time to deal with her petty problems and beset a crotch monkey upon her. It could be explained as one of the synchronicities of the universe that the monkey chose her. But how does the monkey choose to homestead her inner labia? Did it stake her out, weighing her lifestyle versus her looks? Did it somehow know that her vagina was larger, smaller or cozier than others? Did it hate her? It showed few signs of malice except the anti-sex thing, and really, she couldn't blame it, being poked and prodded by a latex covered, non-oxyl-9 soaked prick.

The monkey rebelled, it rattled the uterus, calling up cramps, and bit her cervix. Look, stupid, it said, don't you see what you need? What I'm here for? You're so pure and innocent and boring. Why don't you go out and get a decent fantasy life? Your masturbation doesn't visit fantasyland, it's based on played-back faded movies, a dry routine, an anonymous tongue licking you and bam, there you go, shudder, shake, no sounds no nothing, no lingering making it last, you're off to the bathroom then to sleep or work. Ever try it in an elevator for once? Ever stop and think a little longer about that tongue you imagine down there and who is behind it? What is behind it? There you go, its almost as if you wish you could be

into bondage but just don't have the guts. You like to be spanked but nothing more, how pathetic. How loathesome to lie to yourself.

Think about that tongue down there, think about the last person that was down there, before I came, before I bit you where you wanted to be bit. When he was there, paying very careful attention to you, and you didn't care, you didn't really even notice him, because you were with someone else's tongue wiggling on your nigger knob, in your mind for this person you cried and screamed and were forced to beg for more and they gave and they knew exactly what you needed, and gave it to you in no uncertain terms, she knew how to FUCK you, she

she

she knew how to fuck you.

dangerous words, all revolving around a monkey that might not even be there, maybe it is all a paranoid delusion, maybe it means I have sewage rotting somewhere in my cerebral septic tank, maybe I fear being fucked, maybe all I really want is to be properly licked by a woman for once (admit, ADMIT the WANT, sixth or tenth or thirty-thousandth time when do I get) maybe this is a queer monkey, a bleeding monkey, a guilty monkey, this fucking monkey that I can't keep out of my head, my belly my crotch,

oh g*d

this truth

should be denial

She woke up one morning to find her vagina empty and the monkey gone. There were faint scratch marks on her inner left thigh and that was all. She spent an hour looking at her beautiful free crotch in the hand mirror, marveling at how wide open and glorious it was. There was a knock at her door and she pulled on pants and answered it. It was Della from next door. She invited Della in, although she had never done so before. She made Della coffee and sat down across from her. Della talked about playing guitar and iguanas and chocolate and habañeros and women. They talked about women.

"Have you ever had a crotch monkey?" she asked Della in a moment of warm silence. Della smiled and shook her head laughing.

"No, but I know girls who have, and had a hell of a time getting them out. What I had was a greased weasel with sharp claws."



To: Gravity

From: deb of the desert <terwilliger@seanet.com>

Subject: to ghost consumers: achieve enlightenment now

gravity not-faq & mirror.

hi gravityfolx. anybody who needs to take a good long look at themselves but does not want to invest the energy needed to be precocious and self-centered etc, ==>look. the mirror gives only one answer to the gravity not frequently asked question. — 'dont let this happen to you'.

wielded by a single metaprogrammer non-existent means it can pick up behavioral pattern waves and particles good bad charming and annoying at no EXTRA RISK. all are welcome, though we specialize in extreme cases of cynicism, idealism, and other powertrips. instant karma, low-maintenance companionship (albeit narcissistic) can be yours. the Gravity Metaprogram Mirror is familiar with a large selection of your favorite beasts, ghosts, voices, and inner simians, as well as your most despised nemesis and shadow-dweller. spirit guides available every hour ON the hour for rocketship day-trips (where the sea is the sky), dream or reality: castles, labyrinths, underground caverns, alien planets, or any combination thereof.

look no further, this gravity not-faq is all that you will ever need. one out of every twenty-three participants will be visited at home by god.

for the incredibly lucky and resourceful we have pools of enchantment where life is lonely yet full of beauty, mean-hearted yet mind-bending. come visit your favorite paradox in our famous Gravity Paradox Zoo. please, please, do *not* feed the paradoxes. testing done for doppelganger syndrome, shyness, viruses and INSEKTS. watch as your safety becomes UNIMPORTANT in our laboratories. excess lower circuitry burned away. warning: do not fall in love in our laboratories, or you will be 1) strapped down 2) put on restricted chemical diet (see erica's rules of tripping section 38-b do not call your SO) 3) taught ancient methods of self-flagellation.

look no further, this gravity not-faq is all that you will ever need. one out of every twenty-three participants will be visited at home by god.

are you full to the womb with puke, deceit, and sexual confusion? you are not alone. fleshmeet, as we spit in the eye of the beholder! rage, rage against the dying of the light! beware the ides of march! stop making sense! auto-eroticize! engage in bizarre Bacchanalian Rituals, Cyber Dances, and further Dramatizations of an otherwise bleak erosion of human expression. tired of kitchen drudgery? bake more chocolate cake and feed it to your friends. love one another but make not a bond of love for the time will come (the rim of the apocalypse could use a cleaning) to hop a plane train automobile etc and gtf out of here. remember, 'dont let this happen to you'.

love,

Fort Deb



FRINGE WIRE REVIEW

04.21





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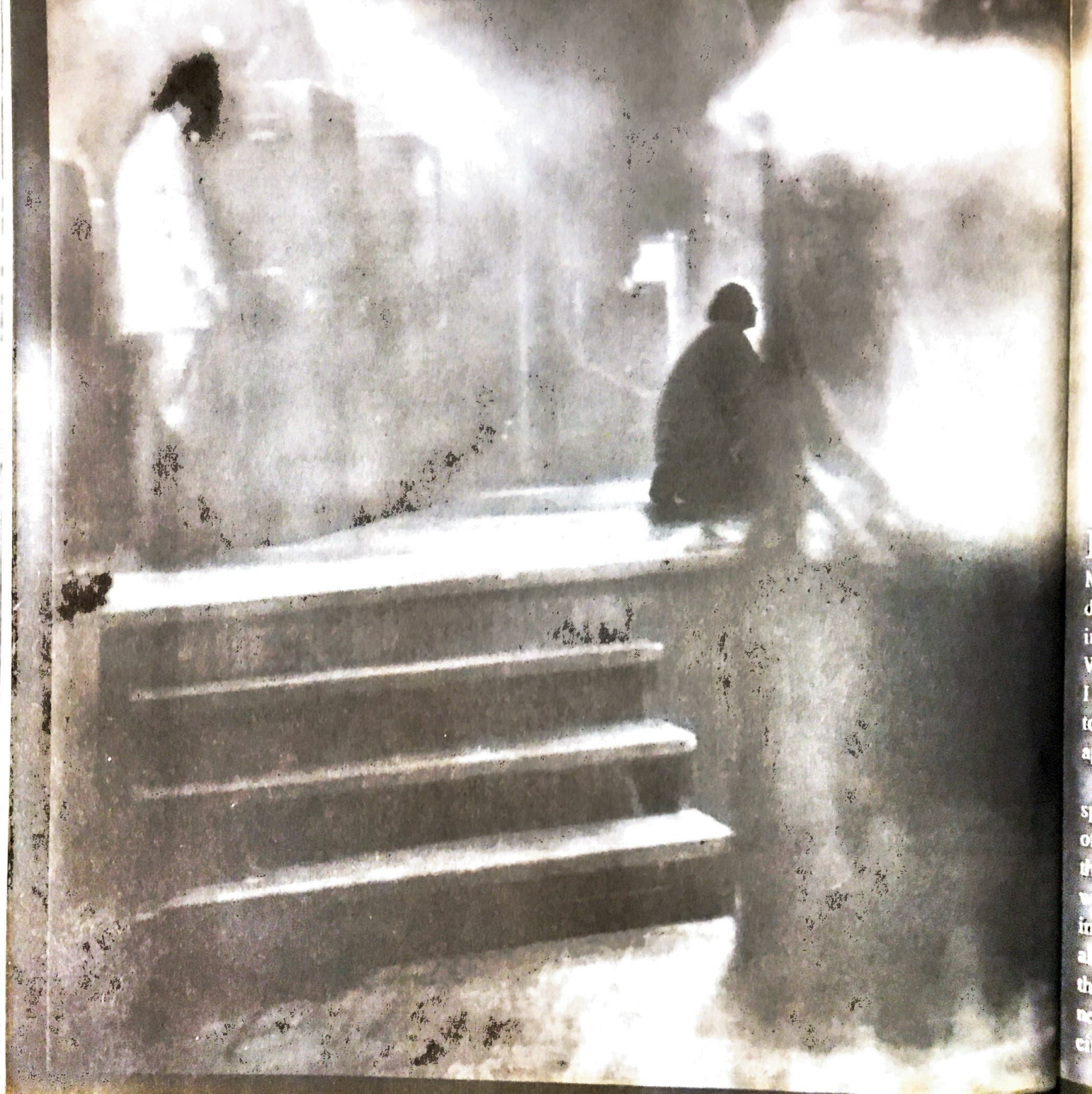
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COLONY AT THE EDGE



by Ryan Hastings (tri@asylum.org)

OF HYPER-SPACE

I first encountered these images as dreams. Many years ago, this very setting was a dream I had. I've gotten used to the increasing lack of distinction between Dream and Waking, though, comes with the territory. I guess this is the kind of thing that's going to be happening to a lot of people with the approaching Concrescence.

I'm usually not one to get, shall we say, spooky, even though I do engage in Magick of various sorts. Never bought that horseshit, though, not for a second outside of any working. Sure, I've seen my face dissolve into forms centuries past, sure I've seen reality melt and stepped into the presence of the gods of many a pantheon. sure I've witnessed collections of synchronicities and ritual act as currents

barely perceptible are stirred, but man, if I ever believed any of this, I'd be chanting barbarous names from a padded room conspicuously lacking in rainbow or even green (my favourite colours), and no, that won't be a monk's robe covering my torso.

So for a moment the thudding techno — which is rapidly giving me a headache and is enough to tell me the Gravity DJs have by now split, leaving the dazed non-Gravities to wrap things up for us — resonates and calls up a dead dream, long forgotten. Oshit, here it comes, the light show which we have set up to tug at the heads of the ravers now tugs at my head, and combines with the energies of hundreds of brains trying to figure out what to do with an alphabet soup of molecules, never mind our own Ritual earlier



and our lingering Presence, and I have to bite my lip — hard — to keep from stepping into the Dreamtime.

It's time for our own wrap up, my pager reads 911 which is our alert, the police are on the way. I make one more pass through the crowd, spotting any straggling Gravities, and finding none, find my way into the cold night.

Breathe in some sharp air, watch my breath float off as I exhale, and I can hear the whien of the siren, still distant, but fast approaching. Head suitably cleared with breath, I sprint across the parking lot to a rather plain-looking van. Feijh stands outside, finishing off a hand-rolled cigarette. He smiles into my bagged eyes and we hug. "Tough night?"

I grin. "Man oh man, you don't even know. I'm gonna lay down in back before we get to the next one. Some stuff started bubbling up in there, freaky dreamshit."

Hop in the back, shut the door, and relax, laying back on blankets and seeing how much equipment we managed to rescue before our curtain call.

Ffej is driving. It'll take about thirty or forty minutes to get to the next site, plenty of time to lay down and trance out for a bit. Let the currents take me where they will.

As we pull away, before my eyes have shut, I see red and blue flashes from outside.

Gravity certainly didn't set out to violate any laws. Just unfortunate happenstance that, in authoritarian culture, any group which understands that the greatest Power comes from exploration of the Self is dangerous. Don't let people think that power lies within them, and not in some sad imitations of Greek architecture which many of them will only see in photographs. So any group, and any tool, for self-discovery must be controlled or, preferably, outlawed. It's always been that way, just part of the Game. We have technologies which can free any person. This is not in the best interests of the Boys In Charge, who cannot rule a group of free humans (it's like herding cats, to paraphrase one of the Wise Elders of Gravity), so any such technologies must be kept out of the hands of groups like us, who will teach any who wish to learn.

Any group in our position must come up with some method of handling Them. Our strategy has one key element — speed. Acceleration. We are the ones

being chased. They have to catch us, and our most effective defense has been to keep moving, faster and faster. You can't stop what you can't find.

I'm laying in some blankets. My eyes are closed. I feel inertia tugging at my physical form, as I ride in this vessel to the next location. I give myself over to the sweet arms of Luna, Lady of the Night, and of Dream, and She guides me back into the Timeless Lands.

Yes, these are all images I dreamt. When we get to the Island, some time tomorrow, where my library awaits, I'll go digging through old dream journals and see the scrawl of one who has never been skilled at waking up, recording these scenes on 8.27.96. Used to weird me out, when this happened, but spookyshit increases tenfold under the influence of Gravity.

The Dreaming figures in heavily for our own mythology. Was it Jung or Joseph Campbell who called a dream a personal myth, and a myth a collective dream? Dream is one of the Bardo, the In-Betweens of Tibetan Buddhism, like Death, Trance, and Tripping Balls. (And while we're on the subject, one of the words proposed in the early days of psychedelics to describe those weird chemicals was oneirogen, which is from the Greek for Dream-Producing.)

It is in the Dreamtime all possibilities and potentialities become realities; wishes are granted, curses are suffered. Magick is, among other things, the intrusion of the Dreaming into the Waking. The shaman is one who can slide between them. Stories and inspirations spill from the Dreaming; gods and goddesses, heroes and monsters are born in Dream, grow in Dream, walk from Dream into temples and Holy Hands, and as their cults diminish, they eventually return to Dream. Walk through Dream and witness every thought, every fear, every hope, every fantasy, every drive you or any other have ever felt — every signal sent to your brain that never made it to your waking awareness, every sensation ignored, every perception denied.

Feijh is lightly poking me and saying my name. My eyes slide open and focus on a Kit Kat bar hovering above me in Feijh's fingers. How can I not smile? Once again, he's shown his inexhaustible ability to present me with exactly what I need in a given situa-

tion. We're a good Family, we are, we have tuned ourselves to each other, and this shared awareness, this Love, is our greatest strength.

I use the time to eat the Kit Kat — relishing every bite, every nibble of chocolate and wafer sculpted from compounds not likely found in terrestrial nature — to return to Waking, and recall the task at hand.

This is the fifth rave of the night we've set up. Part of our Great Farewell to the World. We've become too public, Gravity, and it's grown difficult to maintain our identity yet keep moving, keep hiding. So we're doing on a grand scale what many of us have done at numerous times individually. We're disappearing. Gravity, as a whole, has turned on, tuned in, and is now dropping out. We are throwing 23 raves across the Coast, consecutively. When one gets stale or is ended by the police, the next begins. Anyone who can keep moving, who can keep our pace, can retire with us to the Island. A few of us are going to stay behind, to help seeding of new groups collecting around similar memespaces — metaprogramming groups.

Okay, time to give the Gravities inside warning. Soon throngs of tripping ravers will be entering the hall. The last one was busted too soon, our plans are going to have to change. The fallback plan — for in our time, we did learn to devise multiple plans in case one went wrong — is to skip active participation in this one and go straight to the next.

As I step out of the van, I see a crowd has already gathered outside the warehouse. A small crowd, but enough that we'll have to push through them to get in.

We approach, press through. I hear whispers. "Doses, X, Shrooms" Monetary transactions involving such exquisite beauty has never settled easily in my tummy, and I feel a wave of nausea. (I am nauseated. Profiteering is nauseous to me.) This is one of the reasons we must disappear. We've gotten a reputation which is highly inaccurate.

Feijh and I get to the door. We knock, it cracks open. I say, "Mind itself is magic coursing through the flesh," and we are admitted entry.

"Plans have changed," I announce to the brightly lit hall. They don't look pretty with overhead fluorescent glare. Nor is the equipment which will produce the

most brilliant visuals this side of Lucasfilms particularly aesthetically pleasing, except perhaps to the techie in me, and that part of me which gets a thrill from being involved in behind-the-scenes work.

My voice carries over to the two Gravities remaining in this hall. Waldo calls that he'll be there in a second. Red steps out immediately, eyeing me from behind safety goggles and holding a smoking soldering iron in one hand and a smoking cigarette in the other, and oh her smile still after all these years makes my heart skip a beat, and my breath catch in a sigh, and for a moment Peter Gabriel sings to me of crimson precipitation.

Feijh and I walk over to embrace her—Gravities use hugs like handshakes — and Waldo steps out with his quiet but mad grin. So I announce, "Fallback plan. Wrap it up here, there's a crowd outside. We'll take you to the next one. The last one's been busted."

Silence for a moment, and no time is lost on finishing the few remaining preparations.

This is our final blow-out. The Grand Finale of Gravity, pulling us through to the Other Side. No, we haven't left yet, and I think this is going to be my last transmission before we depart. We are unique, but not wholly so. A fortuitous combination of information technology, psychedelics, and the right people with the right (*unstable = fluid*) emotional and intellectual make-ups happened to come across the right ideas—and each other—at the right time. We've forged bonds of love which have caused the rest of our lives to pale in comparison. We built ourselves a colony at the edge of hyperspace, dancing with merry elves and skipping across the datasphere...ever jacked in to the noosphere. Don't try to find us. Find each other. The memes which built us now proliferate, and contact is much more easily made today than it was so many years ago.

We've hacked the Mothership. Time to board.

The blankness is almost instantaneous, there is only a minor struggle with a previous notion about communication, a niggling ancestral memory of a once perceived gravity"

— o[rphan] d[rift>]





The Vertical Oracle
a modern divination device
Antero Alli (author),
Sylvie Pickering (illus)
Vertical Pool, 1997
ISBN 0-9657341-0-2
\$29.95

Open the video cassette box to find a mesmerizing collection of entities within, as if Antero had morphed the latest manifestation of his craft: in place of his recent theme of oracles-within-videos, now there are quite literally oracular devices jumping out of an empty video box. Perhaps this irony is intended, demarking a transition for the author and the artist... perhaps it represents a powerful evolution of their magic to manifest in even more immediately physical form.

Wandering through this collection, each card re-sounds with cantilevered richness of color and imagery and irony, not unlike a Joseph Cornell box rendered in the form of one of Crowley's major arcana... Box-cars teeming and overloaded with spiritual semiotics, anxious to confront your state of being as artillery of the millennial front advances.

My state of being was quite down. I had just lost a love, a very deep love, and needed to try to understand one of the three dirty little insidious questions of Life, namely, "Why?", which commonly translates these days as "What the Fuck?"

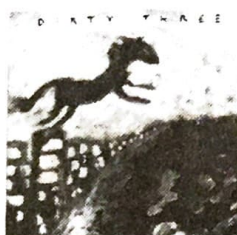
Devices poured out from their NTSCesque sarcophagus and through my hands onto a splash of morning sun on the floor of an emptied room. A Celtic Cross emerged, with "Ritual" crossing the Significator, "Self-Discipline" to the North, "Chaos" to the South, bracketed in time by "Chapel Perilous" to the East, "Control Freak" to the West, flanked by "Gratification" and "Faith" and "Fear". The setting made me feel chill. Then, peeking at the Significator, I saw "Passion" — a leopard and alligator locked in a death clench

over a background panoply of roman candle ejaculation. Portions of *The Vertical Oracle* expressed in book form speaks of this card as a charged polarity between predators: one on land and one on water, which, if you knew the lovers referenced by this particular Query, you might find to be a great irony. "The powerful forces drawing hunter and hunted together are one and the same."

In a different splash of hardwood sun, another pattern emerged: a mutation of the familiar game of Solitaire, played with Tarot... Designate four cards which appeal most to your current state, as your "aces", then shuffle and deal the stacks and columns... Decide for yourself which cards should "stack" as redcard / blackcard opposites, and which should "play" as suit members in sequence atop your aces... Any good story about your immediate situation should let you choose the right cards to play, and proffer a lively game. If you happen to get stumped for a story within yourself, just go out and find the nearest person who is starving and selling their body to survive, and buy them a sandwich, then take them to a movie. Hours of fun, assured. Lather, rinse, repeat.

Antero provides other suggestions for games, such as Five Card Catma, where you can play with other people to up the ante on your self-worth while gathering compassion. And each card in the deck comes with a discussion of its attractors and astrological references, although no instructions have been included, as a deliberate divinational peek at Reality. The book accompanying also speaks to the nature of *The Vertical*, by drawing from Walter Starke and riffing on the mingle of mystical traditions in the context of pre-millennial chaos. If I were looking to use a "divination device" which speaks to the tumult of Now, with energies and vibrations well aware of the post-modern condition and what lurks beyond, I would be of a mood to run to embrace *The Vertical Pool*, where even the errata are provocative and spiritually stimulating. I and I am and am.

—Paco Xander Nathan



Dirty Three: Horse Stories
Touch & Go Records, 1996

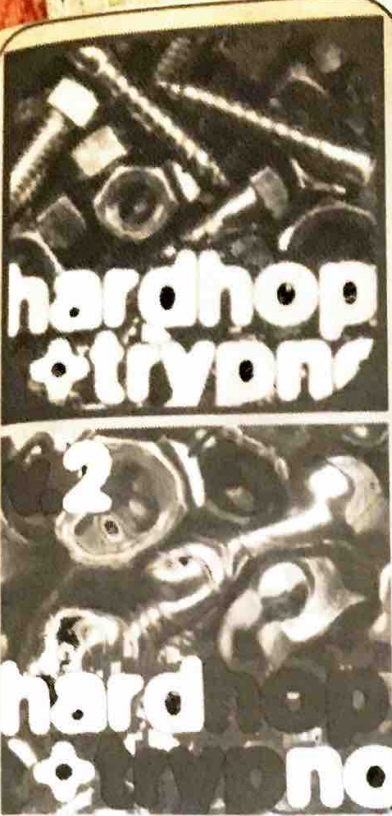
Dirty Three: Sad & Dangerous
Poon Village, 1995
p.o. box 9102
Waltham, MA 02254

Dirty Three: Dirty Three
Touch & Go Records, 1993/4
p.o box 25520
chicago, IL 60613

Last Fall I had the luck to see **Dirty Three** perform live. After this delightful experience I had no choice but to buy everything the Australian trio had to offer. The majority of the albums' sound consists of a lone guitar, a simple set of drums & a violin. But this seeming simplicity is the strength of their music. With the **Dirty Three**, the music is the important part, as there are no vocals to distract you. The percussion & the guitar

set a perfect frame for Warren Ellis' violin & this is not like any violin you've ever heard before. His violin is a lethal weapon, able to tear a hole through your heart with rich tones and screechy wails, and you'll be glad to let it happen. Sad, distressing, weepy & hypnotic are a few adjectives that these albums evoke. To say that **Dirty Three** is my favorite band would be an understatement. To say that they were the best band I've ever heard would be as close as I can express with mere language. If your ear has grown a little tired of the monotonous tish-tish-tish of some electronic beat box, perhaps it's time that you fed your ear some meat. And what a sumptuous feast these fellas have spread out for you.

—Patrick Deese



funkydesertbreakz



highdeserthardacidelectrofunkbreakbeat

mixed by dj john kelly

funkydesertbreakz



highdeserthardacidelectrofunkbreakbeat

mixed under a desert sky
by dj john kelly



ELECTRO A C I D B R E A K S

Hardhop + Tripno Vol 1 and 2
Moonshine Music, 1996-97
www.moonshine.com

A good friend called me out of the blue mid 96 and told me to go out and buy a disc called *Hardhop + Tripno*. Knowing my love for acid house, he said it was right up my alley, and man he hit the nail on the head. I had been hearing acid grooves re-appear in clubs for almost a year, but this disc was my first sign that we were about to be in the middle of a full blown resurgence. Earlier this year *Vol 2* came out, and it rocks just as hard as its older brother. Both volumes of this disk feature some of the most innovative music in the new acid breaks genre. In addition to the staple analog bass and funky breakbeats, the artists on these two compilations take some serious chances with their sounds, and pull it off with style. For example "Fire Like This" by **Hard Knox** glues overdriven drumloops, harmonica samples, and superfat bass waves together effortlessly. *Vol 1* has a beautifully title cut called "Everybody Loves a 303" by **Fatboy Slim**. A man that clearly understands the powers at work here. You can't go wrong with either of these disks. Get them.

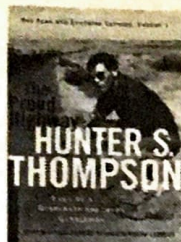
Funky Desert Breaks Vol 1 and 2
Moonshine Music, 1996-97

Everyone has a few CDs laying around that they spin when a serious jump-start is key for survival. *Funky Desert Breaks 1 and 2* were tailor-made for that task and both are on heavy rotation here at *FWR HQ*. Beautifully mixed by DJ John Kelly, both disks represent a style he developed spinning at huge desert parties in California. These disks were beat mixed off vinyl, but the sound quality is super high with lots of bass, and very little high-end distortion. Moonshine must have a post production guru hiding somewhere in a dark basement. Both disks do a brilliant job of taking you on a journey through the music. Starting heavy on the atmosphere, they build up to a frenzy, then take you on home. I mean these are really great CDs with serious replay value. I'm listening to *Vol 2* right now. Again.

Electro Breakz 2
StreetBeat Records, 1997
(305) 557-1914

I spotted this one because its day-glow orange, what can I say, I never really got over the Tide Box aesthetic made famous by *WiReD Magazine*. It also had the magic word breakz on it. Hooked, I picked it up, flipped it over, and saw it was from an indie label in Miami. Awwwww yeah. Now, dear reader, I'm going to let you in on a little secret. I had the good fortune of catching a deep underground freestyle show on a co-op radio station in Dallas, and they were playing some of the coolest damn remixes I've ever heard. Freestyle has never exactly been my cup of tea. Latina divas rocking the mike to hip hop beats is cool and all, but... Somewhere along the way the DJs mixing this stuff down must have discovered a bunch of old techno albums. Armed with samplers and no fear, they are cooking up some of the most innovative stuff I've heard in awhile. Granted what I was probably hearing was some pretty sub-terrainian white label remixes, but damn! the vocals had been either dropped or delayed, and the rest of it was razorblade remixed into a whole new world. I wager if freestyle continues on this path, it's gonna break out of the Latino club scene within the next few years. Now guess where a lot of this stuff comes from? Yep Miami. Not to mention sub bass booty music. With visions of cross-format hybrids floating before my eyes, I bought it cold. and yes, it rocks. So moved was I, that I called up Street Beat, and sure enough, they've been around for over a decade mostly releasing Miami Bass, and Freestyle. Acid Breaks electronica just fits right on in, doesn't it? Just like the rest of the genre, it features wild ass analog sounds, breakbeats and pirated vocals. My favorite tracks are "Acid or XTC" by **Kingsized**, "Doin' Jobz 4 Tha Mob" by **Pigforce**, and "EI" by **Bass Six**. We are seeing something truly new happening here folx. As electronic music gains more main stream popularity, and as the price of a good sampler goes down, were going to see a lot of innovation and energy coming from new places. Crossover is going to become a way of live. Kinda like rap in the 70's was the love child of Jamaican Dub and **Kraftwerk**. Let's just hope the lawyers don't sue the art form into oblivion. But that's a rant for another issue.

OK, some of you out there are old enough to remember a late 80's phenomena called acid house. (well, if you remember it you weren't really there, yeah yeah I know...) British club cuts with 4 on the floor 909 kick drums and phreaked out 303 bass analog keys. Pretty simple stuff by today's standards, but an important wing of the house movement that launched rave culture. If '92 rolled around and you still didn't know any better, you probably caught the breakbeat techno sounds that fueled the early nineties US rave movement. Well, history do repeat herself, don't she? Now a Hybrid of these two forms is rapidly filling the "various" bin at all self-respecting CD joints. Whether you call it Acid Breaks, Electro Breaks or Acid Funk, this genre is exploding right now. Here are a few of my favorites so far...



The Proud Highway: Saga of a Desperate Southern Gentleman
The Fear and Loathing Letters, Vol 1

Hunter S. Thompson
Villard, 1997
ISBN 0-679-40695-6, \$29.95

The first of a projected three volumes of letters, *The Proud Highway* contains some of Thompson's best work. This volume covers the period of time from 1955, when he was still in High School in Louisville, to 1967, just after the celebrated publication of his first book, *Hell's Angels*. Outside of the excellent writing contained within the letters themselves, there are a few startling items worth noting: that Thompson emerged almost fully formed as a writer from the crucible of his youth; that he immediately made contact and mixed with the central cultural figures of his time; and that he was a rather handsome man before the ravages of drugs and time took their toll.

The collection begins in fine proto-gonzo style with a prize winning essay from 1955, "Open Letter to the Youth of Our Nation", in which Thompson exhorts:

"Young people of America, awake from your slumber of indolence and harken the call of the future! Do you realize that you are rapidly becoming a doomed generation?"

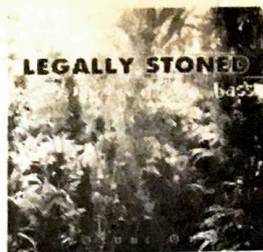
From there, as he pays his dues in the Air Force and attempts to establish himself as a writer, the letters begin to truly sparkle. In response to a woman who had not answered his love letter, he writes:

"The throbbing pain of this ghastly rejection had begun to subside last week when I was set upon by a pack of lesbians and bludgeoned half to death. As a result of these two disasters, my faith in women has been set back an untold number of years and my once cheerful disposition has become as foul as rancid butter."

Keep in mind that this is at 19 years, a full decade before the publication of his first book. A radical and supremely confident audacity runs through all the letters, whether it be to prospective employers, the Postmaster General (protesting the new ZIP code system) or the President of the United States (applying for the governorship of American Samoa). For Thompson, there simply could be no sacred cows. Further letters, which are indexed in back, to Nelson Algren, Norman Mailer, Allen Ginsberg, Tom Wolfe, Joan Baez and Ken Kesey, to mention but a few, are sterling documents of one of the most astutely warped intellects of the age.

There are a plenitude of rare photographs and reprints of several of his earlier essays. In addition, each of the letters is introduced by a bit of biographical gloss by the excellent editor, Douglas Brinkley, thus providing an informal biography to a man that, at least through the 60's, was always in the right place at the right time.

—Bonesy Jones



Legally Stoned
A New High in Drum & Bass
Mutant Sound System, 1997
67 Irving Place S. 3rd Floor
New York, NY 10003

Don't even think about calling it Jungle anymore. *Legally Stoned* is pure revisionist

drum & bass disguised as a strange new 2 CD compilation. As best as I can tell, it was originally mixed in Amsterdam, and somehow found it's way to the US via several indie dance music labels. *Disc one* is a great continuously mixed set by Slipmaster J. Be warned that the sound quality is somewhat suspect, i.e. lots of record pops. I actually kinda like that because it helps capture the club atmosphere but digital purists will roll their eyes and quiver. *Disc two* is not beat mixed, and sounds much less vinylized. For some reason though it has some of the same tracks from *Disc one*, but not all. Thrown in almost at random are different cuts by some of the same artists on *Disc one*. It gives me the feeling that someone on the production side had truly found a new high of some sort. Anyway, all the tracks are true to form, choc full of long swimmy delayed samples. Strings, horn samples, flutes, and unnamables slowly drifting through deep bass riffs and jungle rid'dems. The occasional diva floats by keeping your soul from venturing too far. Fans of the film *Aliens* will dig the track "Hypersleep" by *Voyager*. Shhhh! don't tell the copyright enforcers. It's a very chilled out mix good for Sunday noon recoveries, and late night work sessions.

—DMZ



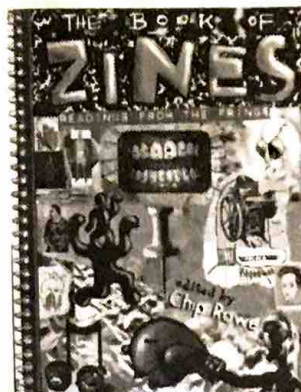
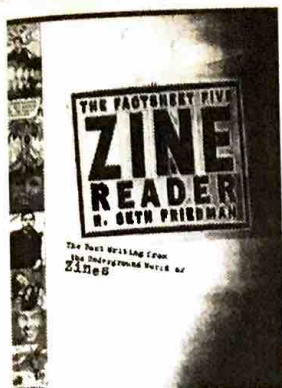
Delerium: Karma
Netwerk Records, 1995
www.netwerk.com

What happens when you combine the sacred music of indigenous peoples with the electronic sensibilities of **Frontline Assembly's**

Bill Leeb & Rhys Fulber and the heavenly dream-swept female vocals of Kristy Thirsk, Sarah McLachlan & Camille Henderson? You get a pure shot of aural heroin from the album's exotically rich textures & sensuously supple rhythms. As beautiful as the music for Karma sounds, the vocals push it to the next plateau. Romantic lyrics like "I believe I can't help this longing... comfort me I can't hold it all in" arc through the intricate coils of melody, though with voices like these, I'd imagine that it really doesn't matter what they're singing, I'd be equally content listening to Thirsk's shopping list. More fun than **Dead Can Dance**, more passionate than **Deep Forest**. No matter how often you listen, it won't fail to deliver its promise. Buy this album, play it every day for the rest of your life, & you'll be glad that you did.

—Patrick Deese

Factsheet Five Zine Reader vs. The Book of Zines



Factsheet Five Zine Reader: The Best Writing From the Underground World of Zines

R. Seth Friedman (editor)
Three Rivers Press, \$14.00
<http://www.randomhouse.com>

Book of Zines: Readings From the Fringe

Chip Rowe (editor)
Owl Books, \$14.95
<http://www.zinebook.com>

First things first. What does it mean when a sub-cultural phenomenon becomes widely disseminated enough to garner national media attention? Well it means that anyone and everyone is going to make a mad scramble to pitch their book ideas to any publishers that will let them in the door. Not that there's anything wrong with that. Everyone's gotta eat. However there is a vast difference between selling your experience in the very low pay / no pay world of the zine & selling any old crap that has a well known name attached to it for the sake of making your 30 pieces of silver.

So that's where we stand. Chip Rowe, publisher of *Chip's Closet Cleaner* & other zines, also an editor at *Playboy* magazine throws his offering into the ring. Overall, as a reprint of some of the funnier bits & pieces from a variety of zines, most of them widely circulated and well known, Rowe does a good job. I found myself laughing aloud rereading Jeff Koyen's (publisher of *Crank*) piece on the joys of home trepanation and Sean Tejaratchi's *Craphound* piece on clowns. What I liked best about this anthology, actually, is that a lot of the writing was from earlier issues that I hadn't ever been able to get hold of in little ol' Austin, TX. Rowe obviously picked the pieces which amused him, and in the end I think this approach pays off, because you'll find yourself chuckling even as you skim the 'zine voices' short quotes that pepper the book... Best quote "My favorite things about doing a zine are the constant Letterman appearances, the ladies throwing themselves at me with shameless abandon, and the old codgers who stop and

point and yell, 'Hey, it's the Ersatz guy! There, in the cat food aisle!'"

Another cool aspect of the *BoZ* is its website. There is a much larger zine index with links to the places that have websites (*FWR* is in there somewhere), as well as online versions of interviews etc., etc. The site is frames oriented, but kudos to the designers who actually thought to make a non-frames version of the info.

Now for the *Factsheet Five Zine Reader*. I realize that I'll never get my zine reviewed favorably by R. Seth Friedman now, but I'll just have to bite the bullet. Although there's plenty of overlap between the contributors of the *BoZ* & *F5ZR*, (both have contributions from *Beer Frame*, *Bust*, *Murder Can Be Fun*, *The Realist*, *Pills-A-Go-Go*, etc.) *F5ZR* lacks the presentation that would keep me interested in reading the articles. I'm not sure who the *F5ZR*'s target audience is intended to be, but it certainly isn't the "sophisticated zine reader". With pedagogic introductions like "Newspapers & TV would have you think that a person's sexual orientation is set in stone... The reality is that sexual identity is much more fluid than that. Reading zines you get a feel for how sexuality functions in the real world." Well all I can say is you gotta feel sorry for someone who uses zines as a substitute for sexuality. Look, I don't need for someone to preach to me about how much the mainstream media sucks. After all, Random House published *F5ZR*, and as their own website brags, they are "the world's largest English language trade publisher". Speaking of the website, what happens at the *F5ZR* web address? Not much. In fact it took me not a little time to find "any" reference to the book (psst! here's the short cut if you want to save time... <http://www.randomhouse.com/catalog/display.cgi?609-80001-9>). "Wait a second", you're saying, "What the hell is this?" Well that's all there is to the site, the title of the book, the author & other publishing information. To be fair there is also <http://www.factsheet5.com>, however it is entirely graphics oriented & does not support text only browsers, which I prefer to use.

OK, so if you like zines, and are looking for good collection of some of the funnier stuff to come from the scene, *BoZ* is for you. If pronounce the word 'zine' like "z-eye-n", & have been wondering what all the fuss is about that's been in the news of late, save yourself the \$.95 and grab a *F5ZR* from your friendly corporate Ignoble Barn.

—Patrick Deese

for more cool stuff check our catalogue starting on page 54 and/or:

<http://www.fringeware.com/>

The Secret War Against The Jews: How Western Espionage Betrayed The Jewish Peoples

John Loftus and Mark Aarons

St. Martin's Griffin, 1997

ISBN 0-312-15648-0, \$16.95, 658pp.

Who watches the watchmen?

— Juvenal, *Satires*

In the March 17th issue of *The Nation*, Mark Crispin Miller wrote an article, "The Crushing Power of Big Publishing", in which he mentions this book in reference to an "unspoken *index librorum prohibitorum*". The works included on this *index* are those whose revelations are troubling or "irksome" to either one of the eight major media corporations, which own the publishers, or towards the foreign and internal policies of the US government. As an example, Miller states that John Loftus was told by a CIA source that this book would be O.K.'d for publication — but that he would "never get a review in America". Enough said.

John Loftus, a former prosecutor with the U.S. Justice Department's Nazi-hunting unit, and Mark Aarons, an Australian investigative reporter specializing in intelligence related issues, have written a book which attempts to demonstrate how behind the scenes government works in the theater of the modern world.

The Secret War Against the Jews is a searing exposé of the systematic betrayal of the Jewish people and Israel by the primary political powers in the west, most especially the United States and Great Britain. Using thousands of previously classified documents and conducting hundreds of confidential interviews, with former and current intelligence agents, the authors present a rarely seen, supremely disturbing, perspective on twentieth century history. Whether it be for reasons of bigotry, greed, or simple stupidity, this well researched book unequivocally demonstrates that Western espionage against Israel has been undertaken with "extreme prejudice" for the better part of this century.

Proceeding chronologically, the book kicks things off royally in the 1920's with the bigoted exploits of Jack Philby, father of the notorious Kim, friend of Lawrence of Arabia, and by all accounts an adherent of the old Arab proverb: "For children, a woman; for pleasure, a boy; but for sheer ecstasy, a melon". Philby was violently opposed to the 1917 Balfour Declaration which promised that Palestine would be "a national home" for the Jews. The authors admira-

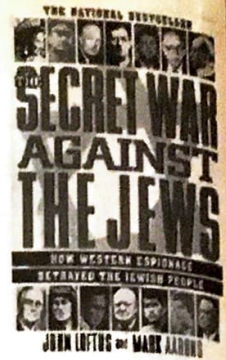
bly map out the labyrinthian betrayals of the Jews by secret Arab affiliations carried out by the British Secret Service during this period, pointing out that part of the reason for Philby's rapid advancement was his openly professed anti-semitism.

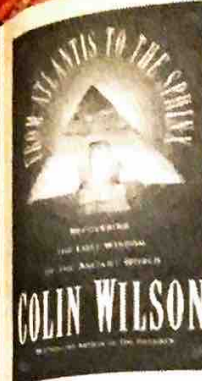
The events leading up to World War II are, of course, rife with covert episodes. The authors present piles of convincing evidence that in the 1930's Allen Dulles helped in the formation of an interlocking financial network between the Nazis, American oil, and Saudi Arabia; that he assisted a group of British and American investors in funding the Nazis up to and through much of the War; and, that he coordinated bribes from the Allies for the Arabs and Standard Oil. Further evidence shows that the British Royal family engaged in wartime negotiations with the Nazis to place them in alliance with each other against the Soviet Union.

Throughout the hyped-up Cold War, up to the present day, Hoover's FBI participated in illegal surveillance (mostly wiretapping) on Zionist activities in the U.S... During the Regan-Bush years, the authors indicate that this even extended to monitoring Jewish children at summer camp for "subversive activities". American oil interests also began to strengthen their Arab alliances during this time, painting the Jews as troublemakers and potential Communist sympathizers. And all during the 1956 Suez Crisis the U.S. betrayed Israeli military secrets to the Arabs in order to obtain a stronger hold on the Middle East.

Time and time again, in the interests of greed and power, the authors catalogue an amazing, unsettling, litany of actions undertaken against Jewish interests. At about the point where the Yom Kippur invasion in 1973 is turned over and the insectile actions of most of the principles involved are detailed and described, it almost becomes surreal. Noble surface intentions are repeatedly revealed to contain endless Dantean circles of deceit and betrayal. That power works so consistently in such a criminal manner begs the question of believability. But then all it takes is a quick turn to the 115 page notes section to make it all too real. And lest it all be considered a thing of the past, keep in mind former Secretary of State, James Baker's comment: "Fuck the Jews".

—Bonesy Jones





**From Atlantis to the Sphinx:
Recovering the Lost Wis-
dom of the Ancient World**

Colin Wilson

Fromm International, 1997

ISBN 0-88064-176-2

\$25.95, 370 pp.

The recent research by Bos-
ton University geologist, Rob-
ert Schoch, indicating that the
weathering of the Sphinx was
due to water damage, not

wind, has thrown the world of academic
Egyptologists into a predictable frenzy of indignation
and denial. It has also brought every crank with a
half-baked theory about UFOs, Atlantis, and Lost
Civilizations out of the woodwork. The issue at stake
here is that water damage to the Sphinx would make
it thousands of years older than previously believed.
And, the people that constructed it far more ad-
vanced than previously supposed. At this point in the
debate, poised as it is between academia and the
lunatic fringe, there could be no better guide than
Colin Wilson.

Wilson, who has made something of a career out
of pragmatically explaining extraordinary phenom-
ena, relates the significance of Schoch's discovery:

*"If we are talking about a different knowledge
system, a system that is as valid as our own
and yet unthinkable different in approach, then
it could be of unimaginable importance. The
kind of knowledge possessed by modern man
is essentially fragmented... We have no essen-
tial knowledge system — no way of seeing the
universe as a whole and making sense of it."*

Making excellent use of the radical Egyptologist
Rene Schwaller de Lubicz, Wilson indicates that the
recovery of this "forgotten knowledge" would be of
immense practical use in overcoming the self-divi-

sion and alienation that haunts so much of the mod-
ern experience:

*"Schwaller believed that the ancient Egyptians
had a completely different knowledge system
from modern man — not simply something like
the odd ability to communicate with far off rela-
tives by telepathy, but a different way of seeing
the universe."*

Wilson, who appears to have read nearly every book
in the field, proceeds to give an engaging overview of
the archaeological history of the Sphinx and Great
Pyramid. He weaves this highly readable narrative
through such eccentric personalities as George
Gurdjieff, Zechariah Sitchin, Edgar Cayce, Michael
Cremona, Robert Graves and Edward Leedskalnin,
amongst a host of others who have had anything of
relevance to say about the Sphinx. The Piri Re's
map, Atlantis, Aztecs, Mayans, Jaynes' "bicameral
mind", and the relationships between the *I-Ching* and
DNA are all explored as a means of unraveling the
monumental mystery of the Egyptian civilization.

What emerges from this synergistic text is what
might be called the classic Wilsonian message: that
human beings only use a fraction of their powers of
consciousness, that there are "hidden powers of the
mind", and that human evolution will only proceed
further when we reclaim this "forgotten knowledge".
The ancient Egyptians, Wilson claims, represented
the "culmination of man's evolution", and that the
strengths of their civilization, represented architectur-
ally as the Great Pyramid and the Sphinx, were the
result of a unity of mind, a group mind, that is almost
inconceivable to our modern fragmented conscious-
ness.

For the hard core readers of Wilson, this is unde-
niably a welcome addition to the already consid-
erable body of work. However, as interesting and
insightful as it is, *From the Sphinx to Atlantis* does
not mark any significant development in the
Wilsonian philosophy. It is, rather, a fascinating appli-
cation of his principles, first hammered out in *The
Outsider*, to the intriguing problems facing contempo-
rary Egyptology.

—Bonesy Jones

fringeware is always
looking for COOL new
stuff to review,
HINT, HINT...

**Concrete Jungle: A Pop Media Investigation
Of Death And Survival In Urban Ecosystems**

Mark Dion and Alexis Rockman

Juno Books, 1996, 219pp.

ISBN 0-9651042-2-2, \$24.95

A welcome return to form for Juno Books (one half of the former Re/Search Publications). Balancing an irreverent and morbid fascination with serious and eccentric scholarship, *Concrete Jungle* stands as one of the finest works in urban anthropology to appear in recent years. A plenitude of provocative essays, bizarre photographs, marginal quotes and weird diagrams are to be found in this exploration of the "intersection of urban living and Nature."

You know that you've got the right book for urban life in the 90's when you turn to the introduction and feast your eyes on a rabbit trying to get it on with a rooster. The editors immediately declare their intention to unpack and explore a somewhat less fashionable idea of "Nature":

"[W]hen those who concern themselves with nature focus on unspoiled wilderness alone, they tend to leave out the concerns of a large number of people, who, like ourselves, live in urban areas. What does Nature mean to us? Where do we find it? Furthermore, the impulse to environmental protection may sometimes be at odds with social justice. Where do we put the waste, the dumps, the incinerators? Who will have access to unspoiled wilderness and how?"

Subsequent chapters proceed to mark out a familiar — but strange — environment inhabited with pigeons, possums, cockroaches, rats, feral cats and dogs, maggots, kudzu, alianthus and various other species of the urban zoo. The lines between wilderness and civilization become blurred. The wilderness is never far away. It's scuttling around the junked out lot down the street, around the city dump, swimming through the sewers, under your house or up in the trees. The jungle is inside of your living body or scavenging on your dead one. Nature becomes a loaded concept.

7/18/97, 10:33 AM

**Le Ton beau de Marot:
In Praise of the Music of Language**

Douglas R. Hofstadter

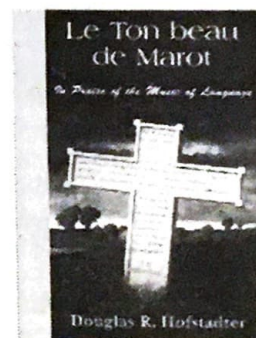
Basic Books

ISBN 0-465-08643-8, \$30.00, 632 pp.

Hofstadter's latest is perhaps his most playful and rewarding. On a superficial level, this is an engaging meditation upon the art of translation. A single poem by the French poet Clement Marot, *Ma Mignonne*, is rendered and refashioned through 30 various translators into 88 eventual versions. More profoundly, this an exploration of the complexities of communication and information theories. Hofstadter, as usual, provides just the right mix of provocative and profound insights into the ineffable nature of language and scientific attempts to model human thought.

George Steiner, in his classic *After Babel*, writes: "A translation from language A to language B will make tangible the implication of a third, active presence. It will show the lineaments of that 'pure speech' which precedes and underlies both languages. A genuine translation evokes the shadowy yet unmistakable contours of the coherent design from which, after Babel, the jagged fragments of human speech broke off."

And it is precisely this "coherent design" that emerges out of this fine book. Harkening back to his



masterful *Godel, Escher, Bach*, Hofstadter has beautifully counterpoised form and content, framing each new set translation and unlocking the mysteries within it. Autobiographical revelations provide consistent interest and intimacy as he weaves through 17 fascinating chapters that discuss such slippery language issues as: Backwards hsilgnE, translating the tricks in *Godel, Escher, Bach*, Artificial Intelligence, Searle's Chinese Room, lipograms, dubbing and subtitles in film, unfunny ur-jokes, untranslatable texts, dead languages, Dante's *Divine Comedy* and haiku, to mention but a few. All along the way, the delightful and sublime puzzle of Marot's little poem is solved and unsolved again and un-again.

—Bonesy Jones

And the notion that humankind has some privileged position becomes immediately suspect.

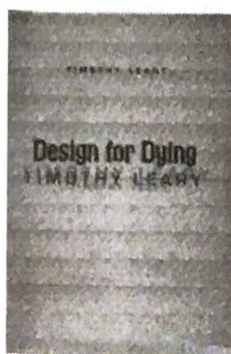
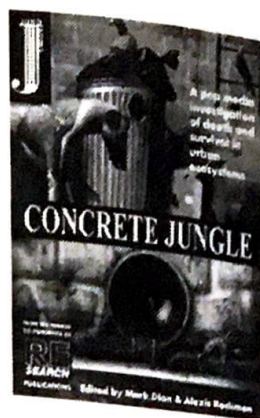
Chapters on "Pigeons: The Smart Bird", "The Birth of the Super Rat", "What Scavenges on the Dead", "Parasites Who Know And Love Us" and "The Enemy Within" underscore the fragility of our human position. There is a savage world out there just waiting for us to slip up so they can bore into our bowels, pluck our eyes out, suck our blood and eat our faces off. There is one particular photograph that every turtle lover must see. The poetic and alliterative caption beneath it reads: "Facial defleshing done by freshwater turtles." (Sort of a macabre tongue-twister, isn't it?)

This book is required reading for every urban survivalist. After the chapter on identifying roadkill, there is an even more illuminating one on recipes: "Road Kill, Road Eats". Delicious recipes for "Pigeon with just a little garlic", "Bambi in Guinness", "Opossum Ambrosia", "Upchucked Woodchuck", and the exquisite "Squatter Pila" (uses 50 to 100 roaches,

2 cups rice, garlic, etc. Makes 5 to 6 servings) will be invaluable to the survivors of the Millennium.

The true beauty of this book is that it makes utterly weird what is experienced as the everyday familiar. There is no more recourse to the fictional safety of the diorama or the zoo. Mother Nature is sending out the ants, cockroaches, fleas, lice, ticks, tapeworms, roundworms, flies, spiders, earwigs, leeches, nutrias, rats, pigeons, squirrels, dogs, cats, opossums, skunks and all manner of furry and multi-legged friends to take you down. It would be best to know your enemy. The *Concrete Jungle* is one of the best survival guides for the coming dark age.

—Bonesy Jones



Design for Dying

Timothy Leary

Harper San Francisco, 1997

ISBN 0-06-018700-X, \$24.00, 239pp.

The beloved Dr. Leary, who died wondering why and why not on 31 May 1996, bequeathed one final document to those of us still tripping around our containers. Essentially, this is Leary's *Book of Dead*. And like the Tibetan and Egyptian models before it, it serves as much as a manual for living as it does for dying. Leary's holy and foolish wisdom work particularly well in this context, irreverently mixing high culture with low pop, the sacred with the profane, spinning off into aphoristic one liners with every turn.

The first chapter, appropriately titled "The Meaning of Life", summarizes much of Leary's central message, the Leary Theory, explaining the Eight Circuit Model, Cyberphenomenology and a bit of Cybernetics:

"My DNA wisdom/neurologic theories are both true and untrue — and dependent on your point of view, what time of day it is, if there's a more compelling group of beautiful women at the party, and whether you've mixed wine with cocaine or LSD with DMT... [T]his abject worship of the DNA code is basically good, healthy, old-fashioned nature worship."

After running through his classic riffs on language, drugs and mutation, Leary cuts to the heart of the book, the section on dying. Leary writes that when he discovered that he was dying, he was thrilled, quickly making announcements for "The Mother of All Parties". He advocates being prepared for dying by practicing meditative Out of Body Experiences (OBEs) and Near Death Experiences (NDEs) by injections of ketamine. He writes:

"Death is very present in the ketamine experience. One senses the thin film between this world and the next. And it's not scary... One truly does not care too much about the world left behind during the ketamine event."

The final section of the book explores various methods for designer dying, with short chapters on cryonics, nanotechnology and post-biological cyborg options. Having at various times in his life made declarations embracing all three, it is curious to read his advocacy of these alternatives that he didn't take. Here lies the only real shortcoming of the book.

R. U. Sirius, who is credited as a coauthor (assisting perhaps in the paraphrasing of some of Leary's earlier work), frames the text between an introductory essay and a final chapter. Thankfully, he calls Leary's bluff as to why Leary designed a relatively mundane death, suggesting in the end that perhaps he was just tired of the planet. Also at the end is a long addendum of remembrances by Leary's many friends, including David Byrne, Ram Dass, Paul Krassner, John Lilly and Robert Anton Wilson.

—Bonesy Jones

FringeWare Bookstore

TITLE	AUTHOR	PRICE	WEIGHT(g)	TITLE	AUTHOR	PRICE	WEIGHT(g)
FRINGEWARE BESTSELLERS (1/1/97 — 8/1/97)				LITERATURE OF THE STRUGGLE: MAKIN' WHITEY NERVOUS			
Junky	Burroughs, William S	\$11.95	0.299	Life & Loves Of Mr. Jiveass Nigger	Brown, Cecil	\$12.00	0.323
Happy Mutant Handbk	Frauenfelder, et al	\$15.00	0.300	Black Gangster	Goines, Donald	\$4.95	0.265
Redneck Manifesto	Goad, Jim	\$22.00	0.386	Crime Partners	Goines, Donald	\$4.95	0.265
Motorcycle Diaries	Guevara, Che	\$11.00	0.274	Cry Revenge	Goines, Donald	\$4.95	0.265
Trick Baby	Slim. Iceberg	\$6.99	0.287	Daddy Cool	Goines, Donald	\$4.95	0.265
Unabomber Manifesto	"FC"	\$9.95	0.257	Death List	Goines, Donald	\$4.95	0.265
Gravikords, Whirlies & Pyrophones: Experimental Music (w/CD)		\$29.95	0.456	Dopefiend	Goines, Donald	\$4.95	0.265
Mason & Dixon	Pynchon, Thomas	\$27.50	0.593	Eldorado Red	Goines, Donald	\$4.95	0.265
Future Noir: Making of Blade Runner	Sammon, Paul	\$16.00	0.347	Inner City Hoodlum	Goines, Donald	\$4.95	0.265
Resume With Monsters	Spencer, William B	\$5.99	0.289	Kenya's Escape	Goines, Donald	\$4.95	0.265
Diamond Age	Stephenson, Neil	\$6.50	0.310	Kenya's Last Hit	Goines, Donald	\$4.95	0.265
Infinite Jest	Wallace, David Foster	\$14.95	0.359	Never Die Alone	Goines, Donald	\$4.95	0.265
Book of Surrealist Games		\$10.00	0.279	Street Players	Goines, Donald	\$4.95	0.265
Snow Crash	Stephenson, Neil	\$6.50	0.322	Swamp Man	Goines, Donald	\$4.95	0.265
Art & Beauty Magazine	Crumb, R	\$4.95	0.253	White Justice Black Grief	Goines, Donald	\$4.95	0.265
Death Scenes	Tejaratchi, Sean (ed)	\$19.95	0.388	Whoreson	Goines, Donald	\$4.95	0.265
SCUM Manifesto	Solanas, Valerie	\$5.00	0.240	Black Chicago	Hawkins, Odie	\$3.95	0.265
Ken's Guide To the Bible	Smith, Ken	\$7.95	0.317	Busting Out of Ordinary Man	Hawkins, Odie	\$2.50	0.265
War of Desire & Technology	Stone, A	\$10.00	0.283	Airtight Willie & Me	Slim, Iceberg	\$6.99	0.277
Spell For the Fulfillment of Desire	Webb, Don	\$7.95	0.247	Death Wish	Slim, Iceberg	\$4.95	0.272
Pimp: The Story of My Life	Slim, Iceberg	\$6.99	0.291	Long White Con	Slim, Iceberg	\$4.95	0.269
ALEISTER CROWLEY (WRITINGS & BIOGRAPHIES)				Mama Black Widow	Slim, Iceberg	\$6.99	0.265
777 & Other Qabalistic Writings	Crowley, Aleister	\$12.50	0.296	Naked Soul Of Iceberg Slim	Slim, Iceberg	\$4.95	0.266
AHA!	Crowley, Aleister	\$12.95	0.268	Pimp: The Story of My Life	Slim, Iceberg	\$6.99	0.270
Book 4	Crowley, Aleister	\$8.95	0.266	Trick Baby: The Story of a White Negro	Slim, Iceberg	\$6.99	0.266
Book of Lies	Crowley, Aleister	\$8.95	0.279	NEIL GAIMAN (GRAPHIC NOVELS & OTHERWISE)			
Book of the Law	Crowley, Aleister	\$6.95	0.256	Angels & Visitations: A Miscellany	Gaiman, Neil	\$20.00	0.422
Book of Thoth	Crowley, Aleister	\$12.95	0.312	Books of Magic	Gaiman, Neil	\$19.95	0.356
Cmnt. On Holy Bks & Other Papers	Crowley, Aleister	\$40.00	0.624	Day I Swapped My Dad For Two Goldfish	Gaiman, Neil	\$21.99	0.430
Diary of a Drug Fiend	Crowley, Aleister	\$12.50	0.288	Death: The High Cost of Living	Gaiman, Neil	\$12.95	0.334
Eight Lectures on Yoga	Crowley, Aleister	\$9.95	0.256	Good Omens	Gaiman & Pratchett	\$5.99	0.265
Equinox of the Gods	Crowley, Aleister	\$14.95	0.304	Neverwhere	Gaiman, Neil	\$24.00	0.344
Goetia	Crowley, Aleister	\$16.00	0.314	Sandman: A Game of You	Gaiman, Neil	\$19.95	0.355
Heart of the Master	Crowley, Aleister	\$12.95	0.254	Sandman: Book of Dreams	Gaiman, Neil (ed)	\$12.00	0.310
Holy Books of Thelema	Crowley, Aleister	\$17.50	0.322	Sandman: Brief Lives	Gaiman, Neil	\$19.95	0.341
Law Is For All	Crowley, Aleister	\$16.95	0.317	Sandman: Dream Country	Gaiman, Neil	\$14.95	0.344
Little Essays Toward Truth	Crowley, Aleister	\$9.95	0.255	Sandman: Fables & Reflections	Gaiman, Neil	\$19.95	0.353
Magick: Book 4 Liber ABA	Crowley, Aleister	\$49.95	0.754	Sandman: Preludes & Nocturnes	Gaiman, Neil	\$19.95	0.373
Magick Without Tears	Crowley, Aleister	\$19.95	0.343	Sandman: Season of Mists	Gaiman, Neil	\$19.95	0.341
Moonchild	Crowley, Aleister	\$11.95	0.292	Sandman: The Doll's House	Gaiman, Neil	\$12.95	0.321
Pathworkings of A. Crowley	Crowley, Aleister	\$12.95	0.272	Sandman: The Kindly Ones	Gaiman, Neil	\$19.95	0.368
Tao Te Ching	Crowley, Aleister	\$12.95	0.266	Sandman: World's End	Gaiman, Neil	\$19.95	0.359
Tarot Divination	Crowley, Aleister	\$4.95	0.236	SELECT DRUG REFERENCE			
World's Tragedy	Crowley, Aleister	\$12.95	0.288	Mushroom Cultivator	Stamets, Paul	\$29.95	0.377
Enochian World of Crowley: Sex Magick	Hyatt, C et al	\$12.95	0.301	Psilocybin Mushrooms of the World	Stamets, Paul	\$24.95	0.364
Eye In the Triangle: Interpret. of Crowley	Regardie, Israel	\$17.95	0.355	Pharmacothoeon: Entheogenic Drugs	Ott, Jonathan	\$40.00	0.455
Legend of Aleister Crowley	Regardie, Israel	\$12.95	0.299	Ayahuasca Analogues	Ott, Jonathan	\$15.00	0.236
Aleister Crowley Scrapbook		\$19.95	0.311	Ecstasy: The MDMA Story	Eisner, Bruce	\$17.95	0.322
Magical Diaries of Aleister Crowley Tunisia 1923		\$14.95	0.330	Practical LSD Manufacture	Fester, Uncle	\$24.95	0.249
Crowley's Apprentice: Israel Regardie	Suster, Gerald	\$9.95	0.257	Peyote the Divine Cactus (2nd ed)	Anderson, Andrew F	\$19.95	0.318
Legacy of the Beast: Aleister Crowley	Suster, Gerald	\$9.95	0.298	Psilocybin Magic Mushroom Grower's Gd	Oss & Oeric	\$16.95	0.247
Aleister Crowley & the Practice of the Magical Diary		\$12.95	0.322	Archaic Revival	McKenna, Terence	\$15.00	0.278
Tarot: Mirror of the Soul	Ziegler	\$9.95	0.265	Invisible Landscape	McKenna, Terence	\$14.00	0.269
ART OF H R GIGER				Food of the Gods: The Original Tree of Knowledge	McKenna, Terence	\$15.95	0.298
Giger's Alien	Giger, H R	\$27.50	0.400	True Hallucinations	McKenna, Terence	\$14.00	0.288
H R Giger ARH+	Giger, H R	\$9.99	0.329	Best of Abbie Hoffman	Hoffman, Abbie	\$14.95	0.297
H R Giger: Six Posters 31 by 44 cm	Giger, H R	\$8.99	0.555	LSD Psychotherapy: Exploring the Human Mind	Grof, Stanislaw	\$22.95	0.339
H R Giger's Biomechanics	Giger, H R	\$69.50	0.799	Absinthe: History In a Bottle	Conrad, Barnaby	\$19.95	0.487
H R Giger's Film Design	Giger, H R	\$49.50	0.658	Healing Forest: Med. & Toxic Plants of NW Amazonia	Schultes & Raffauf	\$69.95	0.653
H R Giger's Necronomicon	Giger, H R	\$69.50	0.799	Ethnobotany: Evolution of a Discipline	Schultes & von Reis	\$49.95	0.670
H R Giger's Necronomicon II	Giger, H R	\$69.50	0.799	Plants of the Gods: Sacred Healing & Halluc. Powers	Schultes & Hoffman	\$22.95	0.355
H R Giger's Retrospective	Giger, H R	\$19.95	0.535	Persephone's Quest: Entheogens & Origins of Religion	Wasson & Ott et al	\$17.00	0.277
H R Giger's Species Design	Giger, H R	\$29.50	0.605	Scientist: A Metaphysical Autobiography	Lilly, John C	\$14.95	0.267
WWW H R Giger Com	Giger, H R	\$29.99	0.345	Doors of Perception / Heaven & Hell	Huxley, Aldous	\$12.00	0.267
				Pihkal: A Chemical Love Story	Shulgin, Alexander	\$18.95	0.363

always more info available @
<http://www.fringeware.com>

Figure your shipping rate

11 Add lines in column 5(7) from the front side of this form. This is the total **weight** of your order. 11

12 Find the row in the **first** column which is less than or equal to the total **weight** of your order from line 11, then **read across** that row to find your shipping destination column and use the US\$ figure listed to find your **adjusted shipping rate** in line 13. *Example:* Mr. and Mrs. Palk are placing an order from Seoul, with a total weight of 908 g. So \$15.81 would be their shipping.

(1) If line 11 is—

(2) And your shipping destination is in—

No more than
this many g
in weight

USA

NAFTA

Western Hemisphere

Europe

Earth

(3) Your shipping rate is—

28	\$0.32	\$0.40	\$0.70	\$0.85	\$0.95
57	\$0.55	\$0.63	\$1.07	\$1.35	\$1.61
85	\$0.78	\$0.85	\$1.44	\$1.85	\$2.27
114	\$1.01	\$1.07	\$1.81	\$2.35	\$2.93
170	\$1.47	\$1.51	\$2.18	\$3.01	\$3.85
227	\$1.93	\$1.95	\$2.55	\$3.67	\$4.77
284	\$2.39	\$2.39	\$2.92	\$4.33	\$5.69
341	\$2.95	\$2.83	\$3.29	\$4.99	\$6.61
398	\$2.95	\$3.55	\$3.66	\$5.65	\$7.53
455	\$3.00	\$3.55	\$4.03	\$6.31	\$8.45
909	\$3.00	\$5.25	\$6.99	\$11.59	\$15.81
1364	\$4.00	\$6.95	\$9.79	\$16.59	\$23.01
1818	\$5.00	\$8.65	\$12.59	\$21.59	\$30.21

Shipping rates apply only in **the areas** listed; **call** before placing interplanetary orders. **Rates** replace and supersede any previously FWI shipping rate list. Merchandise will be shipped according to *First Class/Priority* rates in **US (depending on weight)** and via *Small Packet Airmail* elsewhere. For orders which weigh **more** than rates listed in **this table**, contact FWI via telephone or check our online catalogue at <http://www.fringeware.com:3001/>

13 Enter the shipping rate from the table listed above in line 12(3). This is your **adjusted shipping rate**. **13**

14 If you would like to have a receipt taken upon delivery, for tracking your order to its destination, enter -2- if you live in the US and -5- if you live outside the US. Otherwise, enter -0-. **14**

15 Add lines 13 and 14. This is your **shipping**. 15

How do I pay by credit card?

Circle card type: **VISA** **MasterCard** **Discover**

Print name as it
appears on card:

Card number:

Expires:

Signature:

**Your
comments
are
appreciated**

(Do not write in this space, ever.)

Our address

FRINGEWARE INC.

**2716 Guadalupe Street
Austin TX 78705 USA**

+1 512 494 9273 tel
+1 512 323 9798 fax

orders@fringeware.com
<http://www.fringeware.com/shop/>

UFO playing cards "The Alien Deck"

by EBE Inc.
price: \$6.00
weight: 145 g
code: PLAY-0029

Standard playing cards - except the

jokers, King, Queen, Jack of each suit are aliens. The rest of the cards have a flying saucer icon. The reverse features a starred background. Pass the hours until your abduction with a few games of solitaire.

Polar Bear Snuff

Devonshire Apothecary
price: \$8.00
weight: 85 g
code: CHEM-0030

A very popular bit of herbal snuff to help wake you up for a long night of driving, writing, hacking or whatever. "This shameless little concoction has always been our most popular herbal toy." White powder that contains caffeine crystals, red ginseng, kava kava, menthol crystals, clove wintergreen oils. 2.5g.

History Ends In Green:

Gaia, Psychedelics the Archaic Revival

by Terence McKenna

price: \$39.95
weight: 427 g
code: HEAR-0120

From the manufacturer's catalog: "For many in the 60's the psychedelic experience was a genuine paradigm shattering phenomenon where everything was called into question. It was like the descent of an angel into the desert of reason. McKenna speaks of the wrong turn taken ever since the abandonment of ecstasy induced by plants, of the ancient goddess religions, where the dimensions of the self interface directly with nature..." (6 tape set, 7 hours, 30 minutes)

BrotherRussell's Radio Jihad CD

price: \$12.00
weight: 227 g
code: HEAR-6660

Radio Jihad is 60 minutes of prank calls to religious talk radio shows by 'Melba' 'Dave'. The calls range from responses of the hosts range from confusion to semi-coherent vitriolic attacks against 'the diseased homosexual community'. Christian bashing as entertainment. Ideal listening material for those Sunday morning church induced traffic jams.



Information Hazard Warning Label

price: \$0.50
weight: 5 g
code: MEME-0001

This 1.5" by 3.5" dayglo orange warning sticker has the 'official' International Information Hazard warning icon as well as text: "DANGER! INFORMATION HAZARD! Contents of this package contain material of an informational nature. Use of this product may lead to unforeseen consequences." Designed by Michael Lilliquist as a FringeWare exclusive.



Area 51 Vehicle Pass

price: \$2.50
weight: 16 g
code: MEME-0051

The official vehicle pass, produced by the Area 51 Research Center. 1.5" by 2.5" white vinyl sticker with the words 'Area 51' featured in red ink, plus lots of other important information that official things have on them. Put this on your car they'll wave you through the gate. (please note: this is an untested product.)



4" Round Alien Head Sticker

by The Schwa Corporation

price: \$1.25
weight: 6 g
code: MEME-0221

A trimmed vinyl decal featuring the classic Schwa alien head, ideal for sending subliminal messages to passengers in the vehicle behind you.



Terror Crew Vinyl Sticker

by TerrorWorldWide

price: \$1.00
weight: 15 g
code: MEME-2221

Put it on a bumpersticker! TerrorWorldWide vinyl stickers are perfect for decorating any surface that needs some terrorization. Terror Crew sticker has white on black 'TERROR CREW' text surrounding 3 skulls with execution style bullet holes, just like the Terror Crew T-Shirt. Sticker measures 4" by 2.5".

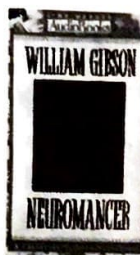


Terror Worldwide Logo Vinyl Sticker

by TerrorWorldWide

price: \$1.00
weight: 15 g
code: MEME-2222

Put it on a bumpersticker! TerrorWorldWide vinyl stickers are perfect for decorating any surface that needs some terrorization. TerrorWorldWide white on black Global Logo. Sticker measures 3" by 2.5".



Neuromancer (Audio Book)

by William Gibson

price: \$25.00
weight: 315 g
code: HEAR-0110

Though out of print, the resource team at FringeWare was able to score a limited number (5, actually) of this fantastic audio book. Read by William Gibson full of stereophonic effects music, this is a truly haunting version of Neuromancer. Highly recommended. (4 cassettes, 6 hours)

terror

Burroughs w/ Gun T-Shirt

by Terror WorldWide



price: \$15.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0202

Bill Burroughs, doing what he likes best, pointing a gun. Multi-colored screen print, white Cotton, size XL.

Bukowski T-Shirt

by Terror WorldWide



price: \$15.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0201

Multi-colored screen print with Charles Bukowski surrounded by sex ads liquor labels. White cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide.

Prayer Wheels T-Shirt

by Terror WorldWide



price: \$18.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0205

Prayer wheel of hand guns surrounding the sanskrit ohm symbol, surrounded by flames. Reverse reads Terror World Wide. Multicolor screen print on black cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide. This design can be ordered as a long sleeved shirt for an additional \$4.00.

Terror Liberty or Death Shirt

by Terror WorldWide

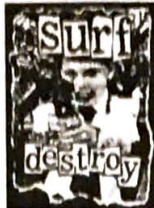


price: \$18.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0232

A masked guerrilla fighter image with the text 'liberty or death' also in large letters, 'TERROR'. Black cotton size XL only. Each shirt also has the a mini 'kid tested' logo sleeve print a large 'Terror World Wide' logo on the reverse. This design can be ordered as a long sleeved shirt for an additional \$4.00.

Surf and Destroy Shirt

by Terror WorldWide



price: \$18.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0208

Militant youth brandishing a handgun, surrounded by the text "Surf and Destroy" in 'punk' style cut out lettering. XL. Black cloth, white ink. This design can be ordered as a long sleeved shirt for an additional \$4.00.

William S. Burroughs (Fish Eye) Shirt

by Terror WorldWide



price: \$15.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0210

William S. Burroughs surrounded by his own text on a white cotton w/ multi-colored screen print, size XL only. This portrait is taken with a fish eye lens for maximum visual effect.

Know Your Enemy Shirt

by Terror WorldWide



price: \$15.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0213

A Classic 'Uncle Sam' surrounded by Asian text, English text reads "Know Your Enemy". White cotton w/ multi-colored screen print, size XL only.

Satan is Love Shirt

by Terror WorldWide

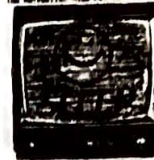


price: \$18.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0215

Cute puppy print with 70's trippy font, proclaiming 'Satan is Love'. Reverse says 'Terror World Wide'. Black Cotton, specify XL or baby girl T. This design can be ordered as a long sleeved shirt for an additional \$4.00.

The Revolution Will Not Be Televised T-Shirt

THE REVOLUTION WILL NOT BE TELEVISED. by Terror WorldWide



price: \$18.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0204

Television tuned to a dead channel, the text reads 'SLEEP'. Reverse says 'KILL YOUR TV'. Bscreen print, black cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide. This design can be ordered as a long sleeved shirt for an additional \$4.00.

Manson T-Shirt

by Terror WorldWide



price: \$18.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0206

Everyone's favorite criminal larger than life, text reads: "Charles Manson the most famous mass murderer in history". Multi-colored screen print, white cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide. This design can be ordered as a long sleeved shirt for an additional \$4.00.

Know Your Enemy (Cop)

by Terror WorldWide



price: \$18.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0230

New in the Terror Garment Family this bold graphic depicts 'Officer Friendly' holding a shotgun, black text proclaims "KNOW YOUR ENEMY", sleeve has Terror's AK logo and reverse says "Terror World Wide". Size XL, specify black or olive cotton. This design can be ordered as a long sleeved shirt for an additional \$4.00.



t-shirts

I Blame Society T-Shirt

I BLAME

by Terror WorldWide



price: \$15.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0207

SOCIETY

A screen print of hands gripping a .38 special, the text reads "I BLAME SOCIETY". White cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide.

Terror's For Fun Profit Shirt

by Terror WorldWide



price: \$18.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0234

Image of an AK-47 with the text "Terror For Fun Profit". Black cotton size XL only. Each shirt also has the a mini 'kid tested' logo sleeve print a large 'Terror World Wide' logo on the reverse. This design can be ordered as a long sleeved shirt for an additional \$4.00.

Terror's Fuck the World Shirt

by Terror WorldWide



price: \$18.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0235

Image of the earth surrounded by the text "Fuck the World, Save Yourself". Black cotton size XL only. Each shirt also has the a mini 'kid tested' logo sleeve print a large 'Terror World Wide' logo on the reverse. This design can be ordered as a long sleeved shirt for an additional \$4.00.

Terror's the Name of the Business Shirt

by Terror WorldWide



price: \$18.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0236

A skull with a bullet hole framed with the text "the name of the business is Terror". Black cotton size XL only. Each shirt also has the a mini 'kid tested' logo sleeve print a large 'Terror World Wide' logo on the reverse. This design can be ordered as a long sleeved shirt for an additional \$4.00.

Kill Your Idols (Religion) Shirt

by Terror WorldWide



price: \$18.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0211

Close up portrait of everyone's favorite crucified guy w/text "Kill Your Idols". White cotton w/ multi-colored screen print, size XL only.

Kill Your Idols (\$\$\$) Shirt

by Terror WorldWide



price: \$15.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0212

Close up of \$1 dollar bill with a pupil-less G. Washington, w/text "Kill Your Idols" on a white cotton w/ multi-colored screen print, size XL only.

Kid Tested Mother Approved T-Shirt

TERROR

by Terror WorldWide



price: \$18.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0203

WORLDWIDE

The Terror logo, an AK-47 surrounded by the slogan "Kid tested, Mother Approved". Multi-colored screen print, white cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide.

Terror Crew T-Shirt

by Terror WorldWide



price: \$16.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0209

3 skulls with 'execution' style bullet holes surrounded by X large 'TERROR CREW' text. Red blood splatters complete the effect. Ask about our group discount for these... Black Cloth, XL. This design can be ordered as a long sleeved shirt for an additional \$4.00.

Wm. S. Burroughs (w/ Hat)

by Terror WorldWide



price: \$15.00
weight: 273 g

code: SKIN-0200

William S. Burroughs wearing a hat tie surrounded by his own text. Multi-colored screen print, white cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide.

Terror Pistola Shirt

by Terror WorldWide



price: \$18.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0231

A giant color graphic of a .38 special surrounded by a flaming background. Large red letters simply say 'KILL'. Black cotton size XL only. Each shirt also has the a mini 'kid tested' logo sleeve print a large 'Terror World Wide' logo on the reverse. This design can be ordered as a long sleeved shirt for an additional \$4.00.

<http://www.fringeware.com/>



Cowboy 'Bob'

by the Church of the SubGenius

price: \$17.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0513

Perched atop a Tyrannosaurus Rex, Cowboy 'Bob' rides with style. Unbleached 'natural' cotton, size XL. Yet another SubGenius product.

Cybersaurus Dobbsii

by the Church of the SubGenius



price: \$17.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0514

A robotic dinosaur with the face of 'Bob'. From the manipulator arm extending from his pipe, to the mechanized sneakers, this is an incarnation of 'Bob' to be reckoned with. On ash cotton cloth, specify size L or XL.

100's of Severed Heads

by the Church of the SubGenius



price: \$13.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0516

A 50's clip art style skull farmer proudly shows off his harvest. Ash cotton, size XL only. From the people who care, the Church of the SubGenius.

Good 'Bob' / Bad 'Bob' Shirt

by the Church of the SubGenius



price: \$18.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0512

The ultimate SubGenius shirt, two sided, the front features 'Bob' himself, with a detailed alchemical border a blue background, the back features Ngh, the 'Anti-Bob' in his green scaled glory, with a red background. White cotton, size XL. Not for the timid. A product of the Church of SubGenius.

'The Probe' Alien Shirt

by Ross Kennedy



price: \$16.50
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0951

2 Alien technicians administering alien sex practices to a willing nude human female abductee... Black ink on white cotton. Specify size L or XL.

Target: Earth T-Shirt

by Fashion Victim

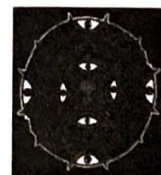


price: \$16.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0734

UFO hovering over the earth, with text "TARGET: EARTH", extra eerie with glow-in-the-dark ink. Black cotton, size XL.

Alien Medallion Design

by Fashion Victim

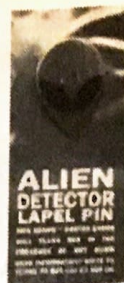


price: \$16.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0733

Print of alien head within a mayan esque pattern eyes... Black cotton, size XL.

Schwa Metallic Alien Detector Badge

by The Schwa Corporation



price: \$12.00
weight: 201 g
code: MEME-9009

An import from the UK division of the Schwa Corporation, these Xenon coated metal 'badges' (or as we call 'em in Texas, 'pins') will flash red in the presence of aliens. Measuring circa 2 cm, these instruments could very well save your life. Also doubles as a conversation starter at abductee meetings. Metallurgical analysis of the badges remains inconclusive.

Alien Detector shirt

by The Schwa Corporation



price: \$17.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0040

Alien detector logo is xenon-coated so that it'll glow in the presence of aliens. Great early warning system in case of abduction. White on black cotton, plus glow in the dark. XL size only. "Not for the squeamish."

Groom Lake Patch

by Area 51 Research Center



price: \$8.00
weight: 45 g
code: SKIN-0501

Readers of the Area 51 Viewer's Guide will recognize the name Groom Lake where the USAF secret experimental test range is located. 5x4 cm patch ideal for your flight jacket or other garment.

Groom Lake T Shirt

by Area 51 Research Center



price: \$15.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0502

Conspiracy Lovers UFO buffs will recognize Groom Lake as the location of the US Government's increasingly less Top Secret Area 51 Aircraft Research Base. Now you can wear the souvenir the Government will deny any knowledge of. Black cotton, Size XL.

Che Guevara Shirt

by Adhesive Comics



price: \$14.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-8888

Profile of Latin American guerrilla fighter Ernesto Che Guevara with simple text 'Che' below. White print on black cotton.

Akira Robotic Arm Shirt

by Fashion Victim



price: \$17.50
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0713

Tetsuo's fury is evident in this action packed image showing Tetsuo's robotic arm exposed. Text reads 'AKIRA'. Reverse has Akira written in Japanese. Multi-color print on white cotton, XL (XXL available by special order, add \$2)

AREA 51

Range Finder Shirt



by The Schwa Corporation
price: \$17.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0602

Just like the alien survival card the treated portions of this handy garment react to the presence of aliens. Sensitivity settings of 1, 1/2, 1/4 mile as well as a priceless abduction indicator. XL, Black cotton, glo-in-the-dark ink.



Prepare Shirt
by Fashion Victim

price: \$16.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0706

Classic bphoto of UFO hovering with the text "PREPARE", do your duty as a good citizen awaken your community today. Black cotton, size XL.

Alien Trio shirt



by Fashion Victim

price: \$16.00
weight: 273 g
code: SKIN-0728

Three glowing aliens with a saucer hovering in the background. Black cotton, size XL only.

Area 51 Viewer's Guide

"Area 51" Viewer's Guide



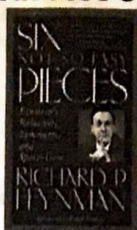
by Glenn Campbell

price: \$15.00
weight: 235 g
code: BOOK-AR5IGD

Self published guide to the ins outs of the secret USAF Base at Groom Lake, Nevada. Learn where to view what to say if you get caught. See review in FWR 5. Includes maps, illustrations newspaper reprints. (115 pp)

core titles

Six Not So Easy Pieces: Einstein's Relativity, Symmetry Space-Time



by Richard Feynman

price: \$25.00
weight: 422 g
code: BOOK-0-201-15025-5

Six additional lectures drawn from Feynman's comprehensive Lectures On Physics, exceeding, perhaps in difficulty the ideas in Six Easy Pieces, however Feynman's genius for explanation lays bare Einstein's Theory of Relativity. In informative entertaining fashion, Feynman delivers. (152 pp)

Harms Way: Lust Madness, Murder Mayhem



edited by Joel-Peter Witkin

price: \$60.00
weight: 557 g
code: BOOK-0-944092-28-4

As only Joel-Peter Witkin could select them, this stunning collection of early photographs gathered from various archives including images from crime scenes, medical oddities, insane asylums the study of human sexuality is an inestimable work of art. Originally intended for purely utilitarian documentation, these photographs are a compelling window into a historical past that we are not often privileged to see. This luxurious hardcovercoffee table book, filled with rich sepia toned photographs is a trophy for any book lover. If a picture says a thousand words, then surely these will weave the most lurid tales as they acid etch themselves into the deepest recesses of your permanent memory remain as the source material of your most vivid nightmares darkest fantasies for years to come. (120 pp)

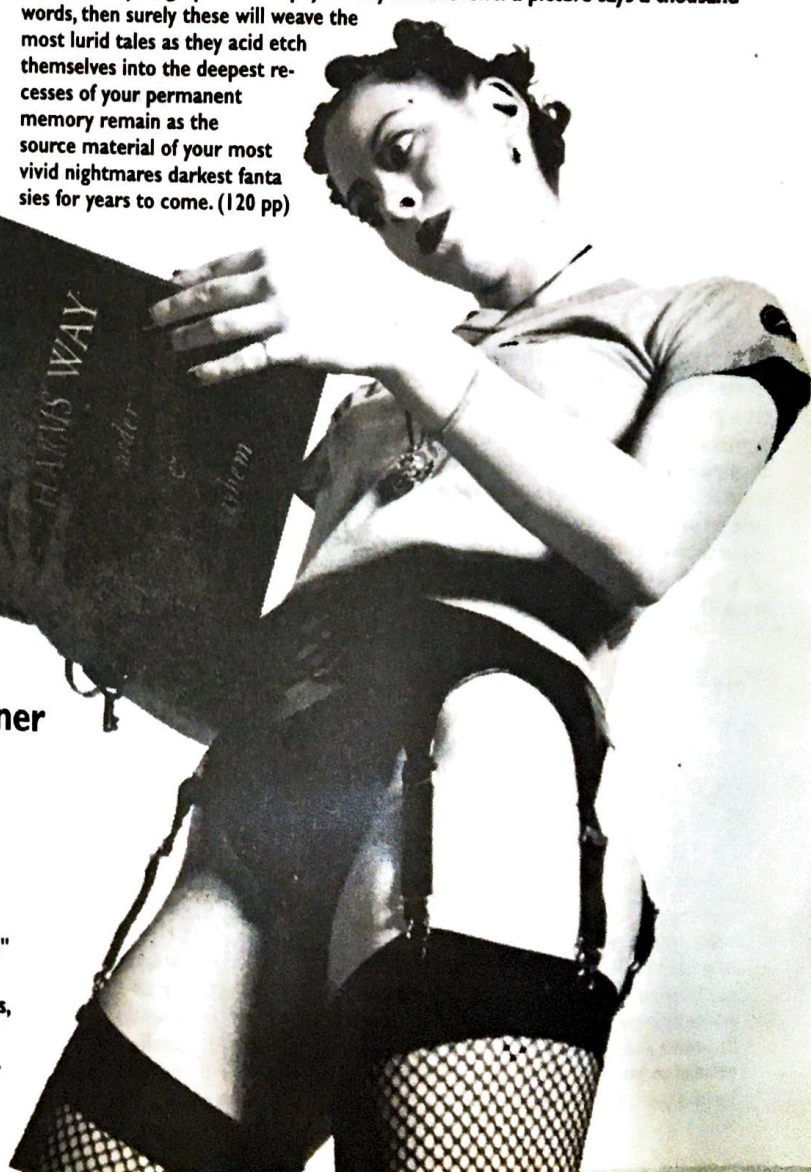
Future Noir: the Making of Blade Runner



by Paul M Sammon

price: \$16.00
weight: 347 g
code: BOOK-0-06-105314-7

An indepth examination of Ridley Scott's film Blade Runner, based on the novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep" by Philip K Dick. Possibly one of the most influential SF films ever made, complete with scene by scene commentary by the principles, a discontinuity index even a discography this massive page volume will slake the thirst of even the most obsessive fan. Recommended. (441 pp)



Book of Surrealist Games



edited by Alastair Brothie and Mel Gooding

price: \$10.00
weight: 279 g
code: BOOK-1-57062-084-9

An entertaining collection of various games, mind exercises other methods developed during the Surrealist movement to break through conventional thought behavior to the deeper truths. Contributions from such notables such as Andre Breton, Rene Magritte Max Ernst make this a compelling window into the psyche of the Surrealist movement. (186 pp)

Baphomet Tarot by H R Giger



by H R Akron Giger

price: \$60.00
weight: 475 g
code: BOOK-0-88079-714-2

Baphomet Tarot, the tarot of the underworld, is a succession of paintings by the Swiss artist designer H.R. Giger. This tarot package includes a tarot of the 22 cards of the major arcana, reproduced in full color from the original acrylic airbrush paintings, as well as a complete booklet of instructions, including methods of interpreting spreading the cards. A 'must have' for any Giger fan.

Atomic Chili: The

Illustrated Joe Lansdale

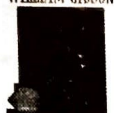
by Joe R Lansdale



price: \$24.95
weight: 391 g
code: BOOK-1-885418-06-X

Michael Moorcock has called Lansdale "an original Texas visionary". Anyone familiar with Lansdale's humorously dark bent backwoods writings must agree. His stories beg for illustration. So here it is: another high quality graphic/ comic collection from the folks at Mojo Press. The exquisite artwork adaptations bring out the best of Lansdale's visionary Texas. (304 pp)

WILLIAM GIBSON



NEUROMANCER

Neuromancer

by William Gibson

price: \$21.95
weight: 297 g
code: BOOK-0-441-00068-1

Special hard cover edition of the novel released in July 1994 on the 10th anniversary of its publication. This is the first US hard cover edition ever published (Neuromancer was originally released as a paperback). Includes a July 1993 afterword. Great addition to any fan's bookshelf. (278 pp)

Pimp: The Story of My Life

by Iceberg Slim



price: \$6.99
weight: 261 g
code: BOOK-0-87067-979-1

Lemme pull your coat to this author, here, Iceberg Slim. Before he squared up, he was a boss mack, not no chili pimp, not a gorilla pimp, neither. Iceberg had one of the biggest stables in town, and plenty of folks was tryin to croak him, plenty of them trying to cross him too. But Iceberg ain't no mark, he ain't no vic, he pulls through with boo koos of H, circus love some jasper action thrown in for good measure. So peel off a couple of bills get the wire, okay, or I'll cut you loose. (317 pp)

Trick Baby: The Story of a White Negro

by Iceberg Slim



price: \$6.99
weight: 267 g
code: BOOK-0-87067-977-5

This here's the story of a hustler by the name of White Folks, 'cept his enemies called him Trick Baby. See, White Folks' mama married this blond jazz musician when they had a baby, out come White Folks, with them same blue eyes blond hair. But when you live in the Ghetto, you gotta do what you can to get your scratch with them peckerwood paddys not trusting a spade as far

House of Pain

by Pan Pantiarka



price: \$9.95
weight: 244 g
code: BOOK-1-871592-57-7

Possibly containing some of the most extreme scenes of sexuality since De Sade, Pantiarka's novel of a young prostitute picked up by a mysterious older woman inducted into a group whose dark appetites strain the very limits of the printed word. Abandoned to the whims of her captors, churches, hospitals courtrooms all become instruments of her torment. Number 6 in Creation Books' Velvet series. (187 pp)

Customized Body

by Ted Housk Randall Polhemus

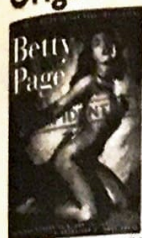


price: \$24.99
weight: 511 g
code: BOOK-1-85242-522-9

From the reverse: "The Customized Body presents the most comprehensive review of all forms of body art - past, present future - ever assembled. A celebration of the most extraordinary creative, it at the same time offers us all a chance to consider why we choose to decorate, adorn dress as we do." There's no better way to summarize it. This book is not intended to be as shocking as it is to be a social document respectful survey in an attractive, coffee table format. Nicely done, Serpent's Tail. (120 pp)



Betty Page Confidential: Original Photos By Bunny Yeager



by Stan Corwin Produc-
tions Ltd

price: \$13.95
weight: 331 g
code: BOOK-0-312-10940-7

A collection of BBunny Yeager Betty Page photos, some never before published. A good summary of Page's career, a short piece by Bunny Yeager about Betty, as well as a helpful film short filmography, a chronology of magazine appearances an amusing introduction by Buck Henry round out this volume. (128 pp)

Bettie Page: The Life of a Pin Up Legend



by Karen James L Swanson
Essex

price: \$40.00
weight: 487 g
code: BOOK-1-881649-62-8

Bettie Page, legendary pin-up girl icon finally gets her true story published. Stuffed full of private photographs from childhood on as well as a great selection of her modeling work, this is the only book authored by people who were actually able meet interview her since she stopped modeling. From the reproduction of Bettie's 1995 handwritten letter to her fans to the last photograph of herself she would allow to be published (from 1962), this is a fascinating view into the private life of one of America's underground sweethearts.

Psychopathia Sexualis: The Case Histories



by Richard von Krafft-Ebing

price: \$14.95
weight: 413 g
code: BOOK-1-871592-85-4

Krafft-Ebing's landmark work in the analysis of psychosexual disorders may no longer be de rigueur in the field of psychiatric medicine, however the 237 case histories detailed within make for fascinating reading. From necrophilia to coprolagnia (go look it up), from sado-masochism to lustmurdur the lives of these turn of the century patients is succinctly outlined by the good doctor. Another delicious offering from Creation Books. (251 pp)

<http://www.fringeware.com/>

Psilocybin Mushrooms of the World: An Identification Guide



by Paul Stamets

price: \$24.95
weight: 334 g
code: BOOK-0-89815-839-7

Paul Stamets has presented all Psilocybin enthusiasts with an invaluable tool. Replete with full color photographs this is possibly the most straight forward direct manual you'll encounter on identifying harvesting wild psilocybes any where in the world. Recommended. (245 pp)

Tokyo Pink Guide



by Steven LanghorneClemens

price: \$12.95
weight: 266 g
code: BOOK-0-8048-1915-7

An amusing book filled with anecdotal tales of various sexual encounters in the commercial sex trade of Japan racked up during an 18 month "research" effort. Emphasis here is on breaking through 'gaijin' boundaries, getting the experiences that the true Japanese salarymen get. (207 pp)

Japan's Sex Trade: A Journey Through Japan's Erotic Subcultures



by Peter Constantine

price: \$8.95
weight: 263 g
code: BOOK-4-900737-00-3

An entertaining overview of the professional sex trade in Japan. From the soaplands to Ssnackbars, it's all in here. Descriptions of various services, such as "Temaki-Zushi: hand-rolled sushi" in which the client's, er, member is wrapped in the hostess's hair, resembling a sushi roll, then tugged to 'relief'. Sex as only the Japan could conceive of it. (207 pp)

Sixty Greatest Conspiracies of All Time



by Jonathan Vankin

price: \$18.95
weight: 331 g
code: BOOK-0-8065-1833-2

If you're only going to read one book on conspiracies, this is the one you should get. The authors have a rare (for the genre) balance in their approach to each subject, writing with clarity reason. Their section on the Illuminati and the New World Order are miracles of succinctity. MK-ULTRA, CIA, FBI, UFOs, JFK, RFK, MLK about 53 others are all well covered. (393 pp)

Illuminatus! Trilogy



by Robert AntonWilson and Robert Shea

price: \$15.95
weight: 245 g
code: BOOK-0-440-53981-1

Conspiracy theory abounds in the SF anthology which laid bare the information "They" did not want you to have. (805 pp)

Atrocity Exhibition

by J G Ballard



price: \$13.99
weight: 362 g
code: BOOK-0-940642-18-2

J.G. Ballard's banned book brought back into print by the caring hands of Re/Search publications with illustrations, 4 recent stories extensive annotations. (127 pp)

RE/Search 4/5: William S Burroughs, Bryon Gysin Throbbing Gristle

by V Vale and Andrea Juno

price: \$15.99
weight: 362 g
code: BOOK-0-9650469-1-5



Interviews, scarce fiction, rare photos discographies of W.S. Burroughs, Bryon Gysin Genesis P-Orridge. (96 pp)

Design For Dying



by Timothy Leary and R U Sirius

price: \$24.00
weight: 355 g
code: BOOK-0-06-018700-X

The beloved Dr. Leary, who died wondering why and why not on 31 May 1996, bequeathed one final document to those of us still tripping around our containers. Essentially, this is Leary's Book of Dead. And like the Tibetan and Egyptian models before it, it serves as much as a manual for living as it does for dying. Leary's holy and foolish wisdom work particularly well in this context, irreverently mixing high culture with low pop, the sacred with the profane, spinning off into aphoristic one liners with every turn. R U Sirius, who is credited as co-author, frames the text with introductory and concluding essays, asking why Leary chose to die such a relatively ordinary death. There is also an addendum of remembrances from Leary's many friends. (239 pp)

Man's Ruin: The Poster Art of Frank Kozik

by Frank Kozik

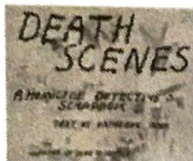


price: \$24.95
weight: 378 g
code: BOOK-0-86719-397-2

A well produced, comprehensive collection of Kozik's poster art, stretching from "crude beginnings" in the 1982 Austin poster art scene to the gallery worthy silkscreens of 1994. Whether it's Porky Pig smiling with a bloody knife or Devil Chicks beckoning sexually, Kozik knows how catch, kill, skin the eye. (95 pp)

Death Scenes: A Homicide Detective's Scrapbook

edited by Sean Tejaratchi

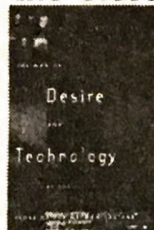


price: \$19.95
weight: 388 g
code: BOOK-0-922915-29-6

Introduction by Katherine Dunn. An LA County homicide detective's collection of crime scene photographs other oddities encountered during the course of his career 1921 to the late 1940's. Possibly some of the most violent, intense arresting images ever assembled in one volume. Recommended, but not for the weak of heart. (167 pp)

War of Desire Technology at the Close of the Mechanical Age

by Allucquere Rosanne Stone



price: \$10.00
weight: 283 g
code: BOOK-0-262-69189-2

Although early on in this book Stone eschews any underpinning grand narrative, her way with words reveals a paradoxical counterplay. At work is a gifted mechanic of fluids that lubricates Stone's effortless slide between the medical legal implications of Multiple Personality Disorder in the Oshkosh rape trial, to the cultural corporate dilemmas of multiple persons at work play in the early CommuniTree Group, Atari Lab and Wellspring Systems. One is not left, however, with glistening ideas greasy palms, but rather an insight into the increasing viscosity of thought corporeality that only leaves you desiring more at the close of this wonderful book. (212 pp)

Quantum Psychology

by Robert Anton Wilson



price: \$14.95
weight: 327 g
code: BOOK-1-561-84071-8

Wilson's theories on how brain software programs you your world. Not as much mystical as a handbook for the 20th century, complete with exercises to understand it. (192 pp)

Day I Swapped My Dad For Two Goldfish

by Neil Gaiman

illus by Dave McKean



price: \$21.99
weight: 288 g
code: BOOK-1-56504-944-6

A children's book full of delicious twists that both children adults will enjoy. Gaiman's delightful story is made the better through Dave McKean's surreal blend of collage, photography, painting illustration. McKean's work, seen on the covers of the Sandman comics, as well as many novels, is richly beautiful fascinatingly dense, guarantees this book a spot on the shelves of collectors, not to mention a future place on a list of children's classics.

LSD Psychotherapy: Exploring The Frontiers Of The Human Mind

by Stanislav Grof



price: \$22.95
weight: 369 g
code: BOOK-0-89793-158-0

One of the few LSD researchers doing significant and valid work, Grof is redefining the boundaries of consciousness. Shamanic trances, near-death experiences altered states are mapped out with compelling insight and reason. And, there are a bunch of tripped out drawings certain to edify and amuse. (352 pp)

Absinthe: History in a Bottle

by Barnaby Conrad



price: \$19.95
weight: 544 g
code: BOOK-0-8118-1650-8

An attractive historical survey of Absinthe's influence on European intellectual culture. Reproductions of art, writing on, about, for the use of absinthe. Distilled from wormwood, the extract is extremely hallucinogenic, also extremely debilitating with prolonged use. Eventually banned, absinthe still remains a fascinating view of drug use in fin-de-siecle Europe.

Book of Zines: Reading From the Fringe

by Chip Rowe



price: \$14.95
weight: 362 g
code: BOOK-0-8050-5083-3

Chip Rowe's easy introduction to the sub-world of zines is not for the hard core enthusiast, but this collection certainly wouldn't go amiss to those of you who merely browse around the zine shelf in your local bookshop. Fluidly moving through a whole host of topics, "angs discover excerpts from such classic works as Murder Can Be Fun, Ben Is Dead, Rollerderby bOING bOING, alongside other wonders, most notably Bust the Austin home-grown revelation Hey! Hey! Buffet! There's address price listings at the end plus info on the web site. (178 pp)

Electronic Culture: Technology Visual Representation

edited by Timothy Druckery



price: \$27.50
weight: 464 g
code: BOOK-0-89381-678-7

An excellent collection of critical essays from some of the more interesting influential theorist. Collected into chapters titled: 'History'; 'Representation: Photography After'; 'Theory' 'Media/Identity/Culture', each delivers a distinct perspective to the idea of the future of images. Overall, the entire book reads like a reprint packet for a media studies class, but in a good way. A solid collection of writing that needed to find a place to call home. (447 pp)

Medium is the Massage

by Marshall McLuhan and Quentin Fiore



price: \$9.95
weight: 222 g
code: BOOK-1-88869-02-X

Way back in 1967, the prophetic McLuhan even more prophetic Fiore created this influential little book. It is only proper poetic that Wired Magazine put out this reissue, since their magazine might not have come into existence without it. An often provocative, sometimes perfect blending of image text, the book is newer today than it was 30 years ago. (160 pp)

Revelation X: The 'Bob' Apocryphon

by Ivan Stang

price: \$14.95
weight: 285 g
code: BOOK-0-671-77006-3



The long awaited sequel to the Book of SubGenius. New updates on X-Day, brimming with vital information that you cannot live without. (182 pp)

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